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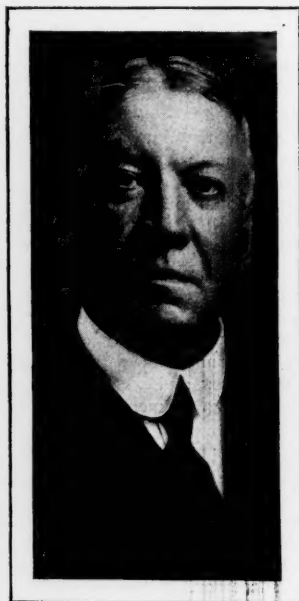
TOPICS OF THE DAY

TRYING TO BREAK TAMMANY'S GRIP

THE municipal campaign in New York City interests the whole country, remarks *The News and Observer*, of Raleigh, N. C., "because presidencies are often settled by city elections in New York." But from the general trend of editorial comment it would seem that outside interest is really chiefly concerned with the question as to whether or not the greatest city in the United

States cares to trust Tammany any longer with her purse. "It is difficult to reconcile the wretched government of New York City with the claim that it is a civilized community," exclaims the *Rochester Post-Express* (Rep.), which adds: "Have the people even lost the courage to vote against those who rob them?" The real issue in the campaign, says the *Philadelphia Inquirer* (Rep.), "is the continuance in power of Tammany Hall and its ruinous methods." Discussing the case of New York City against its present government, the *Hartford Times* (Ind. Dem.) describes Tammany as "an organized appetite rather than a political organization." Whatever the justice or injustice of these charges, the following facts loom large and insistent above all the varying phases of the local conflict: The

for a non-partizan fusion of all the anti-Tammany forces, which were to unite for a sound business administration of the city's affairs. It soon developed, however, that these would-be allies lacked the cohesion necessary to enable them to "get together" on the question of candidates. This moved a cynical paragrapher of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Ind. Dem.) to predict that "fusion in New York will be found wearing stripes, whiskers, and a long tail." Others, however, are inclined to give the fusion-movement credit for the fact that both the Republican and the Democratic machines have put forward as their candidates for mayor men who "seem really to represent fairly well in their persons," as one writer remarks, "the cause of a sound business administration." Thus the name of Mr. Otto T. Bannard on the Republican ticket moves the *New York Times* (Ind. Dem.) to exclaim: "If this is not an ideal nomination, we should like to know the reason why." Mr. Bannard, it says, "has labored to advance the welfare of the people of the crowded quarters by the opening of small parks, by the establishing of free baths and places of recreation, by the reform of tenement-house abuses, and the increase of the number of school sittings." And in passing it describes his nomination as "a most gratifying outcome of the fusion movement." At the same time Tammany has somewhat bewildered its foes by nominating Judge William J. Gaynor, a man who has won national fame by his work in breaking up rings within the Democratic party, and whose candidacy had already been indorsed by a section of the anti-Tammany forces. The *New York Press* (Rep.) explains this move on the part of "Boss" Murphy on the theory that he was compelled to concede the mayoralty to the reform element in order to "save his own hide in the matter of other offices." "Murphy knows as well as anybody," adds the same paper, "that it would be idiotic



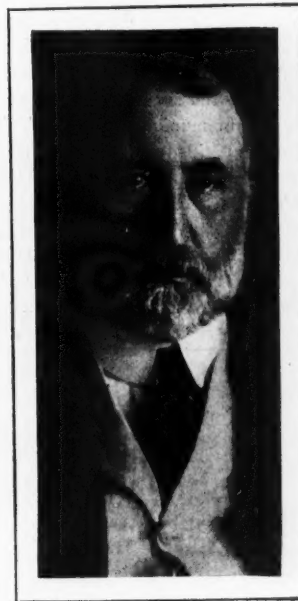
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THE HOPE OF THE ANTI-TAMMANY FORCES.

Mr. Otto T. Bannard, President of the New York Trust Company, is described as a public-spirited man of affairs with a record "as clean as a hound's tooth."

city is paying interest amounting to \$50,000,000 a year on bonds almost equal to the national debt, while the budget for the coming year has been tentatively fixt at \$180,000,000, or three times as much as the national budget just before the Civil War.

"The real issue," says the *New York Journal of Commerce* (Com.), "is not political; it is an issue between capacity, efficiency, and honesty in the conduct of the municipal business, and the lack of these." As an outcome of this view of the situation the opening of the campaign was preceded by a much-advertised movement



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TAMMANY'S CANDIDATE.

"Justice William J. Gaynor," says Alfred Henry Lewis, "was born to kill bosses, as a mongoose is born to kill snakes."

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for him or for any part of his machine to hope for anything from Gaynor." To quote further praise from this Republican organ:

"The placing of Judge Gaynor at the head of the Murphy ticket will leave him as surely and strongly on the side of the public and against machine practises as if he were nominated by the Republican-Fusion elements, with a typical Tammany man on the Murphy ticket instead of the Brooklyn judge. Since Gaynor, on any ticket, would get the votes to elect him, and since Gaynor, elected on a Tammany ticket, a Republican ticket, or any other ticket, would be mayor only for the public, everybody but the bosses is to be congratulated on what is in prospect for the city, so far as concerns not only the head of the municipal government but the general administration.

"The man who really intends to be the sort of mayor New York always ought to have and who knows how to go about his work will never have much difficulty in holding members of the Board of Estimate to their proper duty. He may have to bring the public down upon their ears. He may have to take their cases before the Governor or the legislature of the State. He may have to start them on a journey whose end will lie in the shadow of prison. But he will be able to handle them, just as he will be able to handle his police commissioner."

"It is a giant's task," asserts the *Brooklyn Citizen* (Dem.), "to rescue the city from the clutches of the leeches that have fattened on her for forty years, and only an intellectual and morally courageous giant like Gaynor can do it." Judge Gaynor's candidacy, adds the same paper, "is synonymous with the dawn of a new era in municipal politics." The *New York World* (Ind. Dem.) explains to its readers that "there is a vast difference between voting for a candidate on the Tammany ticket and voting for Tammany Hall." "Yet we can not get away from the fact," comments *The Evening Post* (Ind.), "that he who accepts a Tammany nomination from its sachems is from that moment under bonds to them." His own continued declarations of independence it characterizes as assurances that he "will retain absolute control

Tammany leaders, describes their candidate as "a political charlatan . . . whose erratic ability is tinged with a morbidness which is almost akin to mental unsoundness."

Newspaper comment on the Tammany side is pretty scarce, but perhaps we can do no better than to let the candidate speak for himself. He says, in a public statement:

"I have not asked for a nomination, and it comes to me without even a suggestion of any pledge, understanding, or condition what-



SHADE OF HUDSON.—"Did we plant that?"

May in the *Detroit Journal*.

ever. I know the people of New York and they know me. I feel that I do not need to say a word to them. They know that the hour has struck. They know that in the slow ripening of time, by the work of our churches and of our schools and colleges of all kinds and of all of our influences for good especially upon our children as they have grown up, we have reached the end of an old and the beginning of a new era in the government of this great city, which should be an object-lesson for good, instead of a bad example to the cities of the nation.

"Unlawful and annoying interference, oppression, lawless force and violence, lawless arrests and imprisonments without any charge of criminal offense, lawless trespasses, and extortions, dishonesty and corruption, are doomed in the government of the City of New York.

"The vice of arbitrary power is a greater menace to our blest system of free government and more to be dreaded than are all the other vices combined. All of the other vices follow in its wake, and especially the detestable vices of official extortion and blackmail. The good man in office who is tempted to exercise arbitrary power should always remember that he is setting an example which will be followed by his bad successor. Likewise are the slanderers and knockers against the city's morals, fame, and financial condition and credit, to be now made to shut up.

"There is not a more decorous and orderly city in the world, as every one who has traveled knows, nor one whose bonds and covenants are more safe and sound; and yet a few sensationalists and scatter-brained persons in and out of office, some of them in that most unhappy of all conditions, namely, not quite mad enough for Bedlam and yet not quite sane enough to be at large, have with the aid of a few reckless newspapers spread a notion abroad throughout this country and Europe that we are debauched by vice and financially bankrupt.

"And I say unto the splendid and unselfish public virtue, intelligence, and integrity of the city, without regard to national party names or politics, which I so well know and which has worked so long without break or falter to destroy and prevent official wrongdoing and to lift government up and make it intelligent and decent; I say unto you all that after the first of January next we fight on the inside, and not from the outside, as we have so long done."

Wide differences of opinion are exprest about the fighting-strength that can be rallied around Mr. Bannard's candidacy. The harshest criticisms thus far directed against him are to the effect that the public has had little opportunity to form any impression of his personality, and that his presidency of a big trust company might be made a stumbling-block to his campaign by suggesting Wall-Street affiliations. When his candidacy was



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IN THE PARADE.

Suggestion for a campaign float.

Mayor in the *New York Times*.

of his own head while he puts it in the tiger's mouth." *The Globe* (Rep.) remarks that "with control over the Board of Estimate, the Board of Aldermen, and the borough governments, Tammany gladly and eagerly takes the chance of reducing the mayor to futility should he be disposed to pander to public sentiment." District-Attorney Jerome, in a published statement attacking the

announced President Taft hastened to testify, on the strength of a thirty years' friendship, to Mr. Bannard's "patriotism, his great administrative ability, and his broad-minded common sense, coupled with the highest governmental ideas." The only public office he has ever held is membership in the Board of Education. Altho a man of large affairs and extensive philanthropies, he has always, as one writer expresses it, "side-stept publicity." Predicting that the budget debate will be Exhibit A in the campaign, *The Times* asserts that Mr. Bannard "can show how to make one dollar do the work of two as now spent." According to *The Tribune* (Rep.), "it would be impossible to find a man better qualified as the city's administrative head and the presiding officer of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to put an end to the blundering finance which has hitherto been characteristic of the city." "Economy and lower taxes will be the slogan of my campaign," said Mr. Bannard to a *World* representative, and he promised "some charges that will be hard to disprove" as to where the people's money has gone at the rate of \$500,000 a day. In *The Times* he is quoted as saying, when questioned as to the obstacles in the way of any movement to overthrow Tammany:

"One great difficulty is the number of voters who do not own property. They do not see that rents will advance in the same ratio as taxes, and that really they have to help pay the taxes, tho indirectly. For that reason they do not realize how the increase affects them, inclining to lay the raise in rents to the rapacity of landlords and not realizing that this class is simply meeting its increased taxes."

On this point *The Globe* remarks that "such administrations as Tammany has given, and as it wants to give again, would have little chance of being established if the man who earns \$3 to \$4 a day realized, and his wife realized, that a quarter of his income was taken by the tax-gatherer." Says *The Wall Street Journal* (Fin.):

"Every loaf of bread, every mouthful of food, every article of clothing pays toll to the syndicate of bungling incompetence and theft which exploits this city. The worker pays in his rent, and he pays in the rent of the storekeeper he deals with. Tammany collects its nickel, its dime, its quarter if possible, from every poor dollar earned by the worker in New York. The holder of city bonds well might welcome a change of administration; but it is the man with nothing above his earnings but his vote who has the real interest in securing one."

In his speech of acceptance Mr. Bannard says in part:

"I shall endeavor to obtain the just equivalent for every dollar of the public money expended, whether in land, materials, supplies, or wages, and whether the wages be of the head of departments or of eight-hour laborers."

"Public improvements must be solely for the public good. You may take it for granted that in whatever departments theft, waste, and incompetency now prevail under Tammany rule, there will be speedily substituted honesty, efficiency, and economy. This should release funds applicable to the preservation of health and life, the education of the children, and the transportation of the people to all parts of this great city. The housing of the poorer of us, the abolition of congestion, the driving-out of that white plague—tuberculosis—should be our very first and uppermost consideration. Such causes of poverty furnish no proper subject for economy. The education of the young is the foundation of the Republic; and every minute saved in conveying our people to and from their employment adds a minute to their recreation, their health, their longevity, and their happiness at home.

"I believe that personal liberty is private property, but trespassing on the rights of others in the name of personal liberty is lawlessness."

Turning again to the puzzle presented by Tammany's nomination of Judge Gaynor, we read in *The Globe* (Rep.):

"Is it possible that an electorate that twice has shown that it understands what is implied when Tammany nominates a profest Independent will be deceived when the worn trick is tried a third time?"

"Judge Gaynor is fond of quoting Scripture. He is thus familiar with the passage that declares that a man can not serve both God and mammon. Here is a double rôle that many have attempted, and yet in it no man has succeeded.

"The disagreeable impression caused by the circumstances of the Gaynor nomination is deepened by the proclamation with which the candidate accepts. The language is that of fanaticism, and there is incoherent assertion of great personal virtue. But there is more than morbid flatulence and lack of mental poise in the statement. Looked at more closely, it will be seen that the greater part of the utterance brings tidings of great joy to Tammany. The doctrine on which the judge lays his chief emphasis is that he will not tolerate interferences with 'personal liberty'—that when men are accused of offenses strict must be the proof against them before they are proceeded against. This is a doctrine for which every gambler, every keeper of a bawdyhouse, every illegal liquor-seller, every blackmailer, tout, and confidence man will rally."



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A COLDNESS BETWEEN THEM.

Glackens in Puck.



GETTING THERE WITH BOTH FEET.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle.

POLAR POLEMICS.



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NOT A CASE FOR THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The illumination of the Metropolitan tower.



LEADING THE PARADE.

Mayor McClellan and Herman Ridder, whom many consider the moving spirit of the great celebration.



DID YOU HAVE ANY FRIENDS IN THIS CROWD?

The sidewalks were too small to hold the people. Scene on Fifth Avenue after the military parade.



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THE PLAZA HOTEL AT NIGHT.

GLIMPSES OF THE HUDSON-FULTON

MR. TAFT'S HAND IN THE PINCHOT FRAY

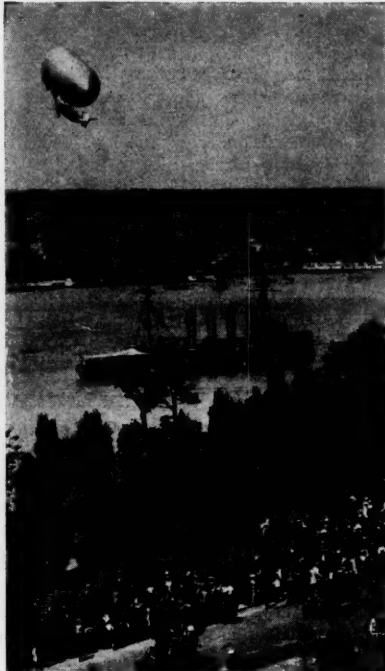
LAST week President Taft allayed popular curiosity on two points over which it has been much concerned of late—namely, his attitude toward Gifford Pinchot in particular and toward the Roosevelt policy of conservation in general. Ever since the President's letter vindicating Secretary Ballinger, there have been persistent rumors that Chief Forester Pinchot would resign. These rumors are now set at rest by official assurance that patting Mr. Ballinger on the head was not to be interpreted as a prelude to chastising Mr. Pinchot. Many editorial and political observers, however, are still convinced that the so-called Ballinger-Pinchot controversy is yet smoldering and will be fanned into a flame if not a conflagration during the next session of Congress. But in defining his attitude toward the conservation of our national resources the President, after reminding his hearers that the realization of his wishes depended upon the consent of Congress, outlined a policy which, according to the *New York American* (Ind.), amounts to "a new national policy of public ownership." Speaking in Spokane, where he was introduced by Governor Hay with

the words "we like Taft because Roosevelt liked him," he said in part:

"The National forests, as reserved by executive order, contain about 167,000,000 acres of land in the United States proper. All of this land is now under the direct control of the Forestry Bureau, and is being preserved from fire and from other destruction, and is being treated in accordance with the best modern methods of treating forests under the supervision of Mr. Pinchot, the chief forester, and the head of the Bureau of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture. . . .

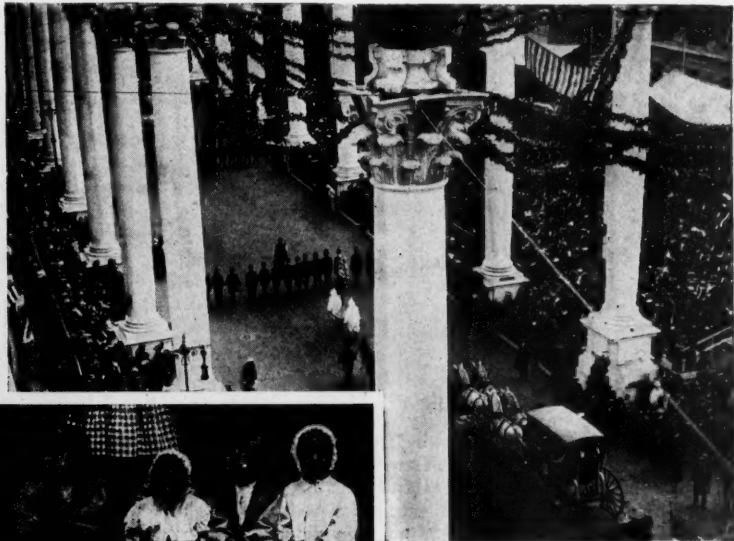
"I don't stop to discuss at length the forestry question. The wonderful progress made by Mr. Pinchot, with the earnest support of Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Wilson, at times has met the denunciation of persons in this Western country on the ground that property was being taken which Congress intended for individuals and was being withheld from them. But I think general opposition to Mr. Pinchot's plans has disappeared and that the great body of the American people recognizes the benefit of the reform in reference to forestry, and greatly regrets that it was not begun years before."

To facilitate the work of reclaiming arid lands he recommended



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THE OLD WAR CRAFT AND THE NEW.
Baldwin's airship flying over the *Drake*.



BEAUTY SPOT OF THE CELEBRATION.
The Court of Honor.



A BIT OF LOCAL COLOR.
Reviewing the Parade.



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MORE PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.
The *Half-Moon* Ramming the *Clermont*.



MISS LIBERTY'S LATEST VISITOR
Wilbur Wright taking a look around.

POMP AND PAGEANTRY.

an issue of bonds to the amount of \$10,000,000 or more, "to be redeemed from the money paid into the reclamation funds after the completion of the projects." With some thirty such projects already under way the Reclamation Bureau is embarrassed by the discovery that its present working fund has already been strained beyond its limit of elasticity.

In regard to the oil, coal, and phosphate lands in the public domain, which also have an agricultural value, he recommends a separate disposition of the surface of the land and its mineral deposits. He would either lease the right to take out these deposits, or else sell the deposits outright, but without the land. In conclusion he said:

"There has been a good deal of discussion in the newspapers as to the attitude of the present Administration toward the general policy of the conservation of resources and some very unfair and altogether unfounded inferences have been drawn. The truth is that my Administration is pledged to follow out the policies of Mr. Roosevelt in this regard, and while that pledge does not involve me in any obligation to carry them out unless Congress gives full authority to do so, it does require that I take

every step and exert every legitimate influence upon Congress to enact legislation which shall best subserve the purposes indicated.

"I hope nothing will prevent our taking the further steps needed when Congress meets.

"Secretary Ballinger of the Interior Department, upon whom will fall the duty of executing the new provisions of the law, is in entire accord with me as to the necessity for promoting in every legitimate way the conservation of the resources which I have named, and he can be counted upon to use the great influence which he must have as Secretary of the Interior to this proper end.

"Indeed, it will be found that in his reports as Commissioner of the General Land Office he brought these matters to the attention of Congress and urged the adoption of a Federal policy along the lines I have indicated."

According to the *Philadelphia Press* (Rep.) Mr. Taft's proposals in this speech go further than those of any previous President. Says the *New York American*, in an editorial from which we have already quoted:

"This remarkable speech at Spokane—regarded from the viewpoint of our general politico-economic evolution—will be memorable for its responsible enunciation of the principle that private

corporations should not be permitted to 'own' public utilities—in the old sense of the word.

"It will be memorable also for its clear definition of the idea that the public treasury should derive a constant revenue from the public-service organizations. . . .

"Thus, if Mr. Taft is to have his excellent way, the Federal Government will run in advance of the cities in the development of a sound policy of public ownership."

In a letter to Mr. Pinchot, written at the same time as the famous letter to Secretary Ballinger, but only now made public, the President said in part:

"I wish you to know that I have the utmost confidence in your conscientious desire to serve the Government and the public, in the intensity of your purpose to achieve success in the matter of conservation of natural resources, and in the immense value of what you have done and propose to do with reference to forestry and kindred methods of conservation; and that I am thoroughly in sympathy with all of these policies, and propose to do everything I can to maintain them, insisting only that the action for which I become responsible, or for which my Administration becomes responsible, shall be within the law.

"I should consider it one of the greatest losses that my Administration could sustain if you were to leave it, and I sincerely hope you will not think my action in writing the inclosed letter to Secretary Ballinger is reason for your taking a step of this character."

Many papers hasten to express their joy that the Ballinger-Pinchot matter is thus tactfully disposed of, and that peace once more reigns in the President's official family. Not all, however, are able to see the situation in this light. Thus the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* (Rep.) thinks that the President's course has only complicated the conservation question, since "it is hardly conceivable that both officials are right." The *Philadelphia Public Ledger* (Ind.) is inclined to think that the only real conflict was one between enthusiasm and law. Other papers, however, still insist that the trouble lies much deeper. "It is very generally believed," remarks the *Louisville Courier-Journal* (Dem.) "that the fight is between the people of the United States and a few enterprising persons, firms and trusts, that desire to enjoy the freedom to operate where the Americans of this and future generations have interests." The same paper goes on to say:

"The President has given Mr. Ballinger a clean bill of health. But since the President gives a bill of health to the Payne Tariff Law, which he admits was in part written at the demands of special interests, the public has a right to judge of Mr. Ballinger without considering the President's indorsement of his course as a final settlement of the question of his fitness for the office of Secretary of the Interior.

"Public sentiment as to the quality of Mr. Pinchot's work, and his motives as a public servant, has not been divided along party lines. As Dr. Wiley, of the Chemistry Bureau of the Department of Agriculture, has acted in the interests of the people and against the interests of dishonest enterprise seeking to take advantage of the public, Mr. Pinchot has been alert in the interests of the whole country, and has fought enterprises seeking special privileges at the expense of the United States.

"Mr. Pinchot represented what was best in the Roosevelt Administration. There exists a wide-spread fear that Mr. Ballinger represents the worst in the present Administration, which is now officially upon record as regarding the conservation of party solidarity the chief end of Presidents."

Mr. Pinchot has made the following statement since Mr. Taft's indorsement of him was made public:

"I shall not resign, but shall remain in the Government service. I shall give my best efforts in the future, as in the past, to promote the conservation and development of our forests, waters, lands, and minerals, and to defend the conservation policies whenever the need arises. I especially shall continue to advocate the control of water-power monopoly in the public interest and the use of our institutions, laws, and natural resources for the benefit of the plain people. I believe in equality of opportunity and the Roosevelt policies, and I propose to stand for them as long as I have the strength to stand for anything."

He is elsewhere quoted as saying: "It is a mystery to me why this is called the Pinchot-Ballinger fight. I have no fight." This moves the *Sioux City Tribune* (Ind.) to remark:

"Personally Mr. Pinchot may have no fight on his hands, but there is a fight on between the spirit and purposes which Mr. Pinchot represents and those which Ballinger stands for. It began when Ballinger was commissioner of the land office and caused his resignation because of his hostility to the Roosevelt conservation policies. It was renewed the moment Mr. Taft took Ballinger into his Cabinet with full knowledge of his record and predisposition."

DISFRANCHISEMENT IN MARYLAND

LITTLE opposition has hitherto been made to the Southern movement for depriving the negro of the ballot, but the threat is being made that if Maryland adopts a disfranchising measure at its November election, as is contemplated, the friends of the negro will carry the matter to the Supreme Court, where an adverse decision might overthrow all similar laws already adopted. Why should Maryland insist on having the dubious "grandfather clause," when it "may mean that the whole question of Southern suffrage laws may be dragged into the courts," asks the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* (Dem.). And while the South is thus objecting for fear its franchise laws are in danger, the Republicans of the North are objecting for another reason. Maryland has gone Republican several times in recent years, and the Republicans fear that if the black voters are disfranchised, the State will be put permanently into the Democratic column. The *New York Tribune* (Rep.) comes out with a long editorial against the scheme, and the President has taken the unprecedented course of denouncing it as "vicious," and a "gross injustice and a violation of the spirit of the Fifteenth Amendment" which "ought to be voted down by every one, whether Democrat or Republican, who is in favor of a square deal." Several years ago a similar constitutional amendment was defeated in Maryland.

The Maryland franchise amendment provides that a voter or his wife must have paid taxes on \$500 worth of property for two years, or he must be able to write down his name, age, place of birth, residence, and occupation for the preceding two years, the names of his employers during the same period, when and where he last voted, the name of the President of the United States, of a justice of the Supreme Court, of the governor of his own State, and of a judge of its highest court, and of the mayor of the city or of one of the county commissioners. By the "grandfather clause" a man may vote without the property or educational qualifications if he swears that he was entitled to vote on or before January 1, 1869, or that he has become a naturalized citizen between that date and the adoption of the amendment, or that he is a descendant of any such native or naturalized citizen. These provisions are expected to exclude the bulk of the negro vote without excluding any white voter.

The Republican papers, such as the *Baltimore American*, argue that the Democratic "bosses" are pushing the amendment, not to save the State from negro domination, but to make sure of their own domination, which is now threatened every time the independent Democrats become dissatisfied and vote with the Republicans. Maryland has less than 20 per cent. of negro population, as compared with 45 per cent. in Alabama, 46 in Georgia, 47 in Louisiana, and 58 in Mississippi and South Carolina, so that the negro "problem" in its politics is less pressing. Mr. Charles H. Torsch says in the course of a strong article printed in the advertising-columns of the *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.):

"Look at it from any standpoint we will, we are forced to the conclusion that the underlying motive of the Ring, in its appeal to race-hatred and its pretended horror of ignorant black men, is simply to destroy the power of the votes of Independent Democrats. They are heartily sick of catering to the better element.



TOWN OF PORTAL AT THE GUNNISON RIVER END OF THE TUNNEL.
This unique town is at the bottom of a canyon 2,500 feet deep.



PRESIDENT TAFT OPENING THE FLOOD-GATES OF THE GUNNISON TUNNEL.
The incident marks the successful completion of a most remarkable engineering feat.

They never had anything but unexpressed contempt for such men as Hayes, McLane, Mahool, Warfield, Numsen. They simply endured them, waiting for the day to come when they could cast aside the penitential garb and boldly make their own nominations. *With 50,000 colored votes destroyed, what avail would be the votes of 20,000 independent Democrats?*

"Does anyone suppose the Ring would be moving heaven and earth to carry the amendment if this were not true? Would they send for Southern fire-eaters to inflame our people with race-hatred without any deep-seated motive? *They do not need the amendment to win the election.* It is only necessary to nominate good men, and they can always win, as has been the case for the past ten years. But there is just the rub; they are no longer satisfied with electing good men. They want the spoils, the graft; they can not afford to remain in politics merely for glory. Let me say that I am charitable enough to concede that in their hearts they have no feeling against the poor negroes. It is all sham and pretense, merely assumed, so as to inflame the prejudices of men against the race and secure their votes for the amendment. There can be no escape from the conclusion that, if successful, they would unhesitatingly destroy all the civic advance we have made in the last fourteen years."

In its editorial columns, however, *The Sun* advocates the amendment with equal vigor. In defense of the "grandfather clause," which confers the right of franchise by inheritance, it says that the men in this class of voters "are the descendants of the men who founded the Republic, who inherit, as it were, the right of suffrage along with the heritage of glory and greatness which has come down to them from these ancestors as a part of their political birthright." Another discrimination is thus defended:

"Why, it is asked, should the illiterate negro be disfranchised, while the illiterate white man is permitted to vote without any such test of his intelligence? It is surely not a sound argument to say that no undesirable voters should be disfranchised because all can not be disfranchised. There are perhaps 30,000 or 40,000 negro voters in this State who are not sufficiently intelligent to vote with any degree of knowledge, and they all vote as one man, without any discrimination. The Republican candidate for governor starts the election, in fact, with 50,000 votes in the ballot-box. He can count on that many and he need not concern himself about them. Suppose there were thousands of illiterate whites who paid no taxes and who voted blindly together without any regard to the merits of the candidates or the policy of the party. Would not such a band be regarded as a public menace? But this has never happened. The illiterate white voters think for themselves and do not all think alike. There are, perhaps, as many of them in one party as in the other. Moreover, the illiterate white voters are far superior, more intelligent, and more patriotic than the illiterate negroes. They discuss political questions and are brought in contact with educated people and hear the discussions of educated men. There is no public menace in the white illiterate vote, while there is a constant danger in the colored illiterate vote."

A TRIUMPH OF RECLAMATION

WHEN President Taft pressed a golden bell on a silver plate in Montrose, Col., and opened the flood-gates of the Gunnison Tunnel, he set in operation the greatest irrigation project ever undertaken by the United States Government. The Uncompahgre Valley in Western Colorado, comprising 200,000 acres, has, according to the *Salt Lake Tribune*, "been noted for decades for the wonderful fertility of its soil, and for the fine flavor, size, and coloring of the fruit grown under the irrigation of the small stream which was found there; but that stream was entirely inadequate for the irrigation of the great expanse of the valley."

Yet only a few miles away, on the other side of a narrow ridge of mountains, the waters of the Gunnison River were running to waste through a deep, unexplored canyon. About ten years ago people in Colorado began to ask the question: "Can not the Gunnison River be made to water the Uncompahgre Valley?" and after some preliminary surveys ordered by the State legislature, the United States Reclamation Service was induced to take the matter in charge. Two engineers, A. L. Fellows and W. W. Torrence, explored the whole length of the Black Canyon of the Gunnison and demonstrated the feasibility of turning the waters of the river into the thirsty valley beyond the mountains by means of a tunnel six miles long. Of the building of this tunnel a writer in *Everybody's Magazine* (October) says:

"Out of the desert at Lujane rose a power plant, machine-shops and bunk and mess-houses, and from the Uncompahgre end a battery of fifteen power drills were set to work munching into the rock. At the same time the Black Canyon itself was assaulted. Against a precipitous wall hung men and steam-drills in mid-air. The tremor and rumble of dynamite charges, followed by the clatter of tons of rock crashing into the abyss, drowned out the drone of the treacherous stream. Foot by foot, a wagon road, winding steeply upon itself, was hewn out of the solid rock. Where not even a goat could have found foothold, power-houses, machine-shops, and quarters for men were stuck like hornets' nests against the side of the cliff.

"West from the River Portal, and east from the Uncompahgre end, the gnawing of the tunnel . . . was begun. Through solid rock they bored, through quicksands that had to be timbered foot by foot. In the west end of the tunnel, the men tapped an underground stream charged with carbonic-acid gas, which doused them with a 100-gallon-a-minute soda-fountain and drove all hands helter-skelter toward daylight.

"For ten years, working in three shifts, day and night, the engineers drove the gigantic bore, averaging a progress of 250 feet a month and removing more than 5,000,000 two-horse wagon-loads of material. Then came a day when the men in the eastern heading could make out the pounding of the drills of the men in the western heading, and two weeks later came the final charge that

ripped through the separating wall of rock, while men leapt joyously from one heading into the other; for the long, dangerous, tedious work at last was done."

This six-mile tunnel, measuring 11 by 13 feet, lined with concrete and cut through solid rock, has cost the Federal Government \$3,000,000, and will carry 1,200 cubic feet of water per second. "The completion of the reclamation plant will absorb as much more," says the *New York Journal of Commerce*, but "when the system of reservoirs and ditches is complete it will provide irrigation for 147,000 acres of land, of which 35,000 belongs to the Government and will, it is said, be made worth \$500 an acre for cultivation." The press unite in congratulating the Government on the successful completion of this work, which, according to the *Detroit Journal*, "while it does not compare in the immensity of its benefits with the irrigation works constructed by the British at Assouan, far exceeds that work in the engineering skill demanded." The *Journal* also calls attention to the fact that not only have the engineers tamed this torrent "and made it flow gently through irrigation ditches and canals to give life to the land, but they have also utilized its strength by compelling it to produce electricity which will supply power, heat, and light for the farmers who are to inhabit that immense stretch of desert, light and heat for their homes, and power to drive their machinery."

In his speech at Montrose the President referred to the attitude of the Administration toward national irrigation projects, saying:

"Your chairman has referred to the paternalism of the Government and it has made me think of the exact power of the Constitution which authorized the United States Government to go into the business of carrying the water to your earth. . . .

"Perhaps it comes under the general welfare clause which has been made so much use of by either party when it wanted to do anything which was of doubtful power under any other clause. However that may be, we are in it and the great Gunnison Tunnel is built and this valley with the unpronounceable name is going to blossom like the rose."

The opening of this tunnel "marks a new era in the history of irrigation," according to the *Butte Inter Mountain*, which suggests that with sufficient aid from the Government other desert sections in the West will also blossom like the same poetical flower.

The *St. Louis Republic* remarks upon the expense of such irrigation works, which "looks almost prohibitive to the dweller in a country with a rainfall," but justifies it by noting two "important factors in the problem." We read:

"The first of these is the manageableness of the whole process of growth under irrigation—the superior economy of time. In a country with a natural rainfall cloudy days slow down growth and droughts greatly retard it. In a semi-arid country with irrigation, watering goes on under a blaze of sunlight; conditions governing both light and moisture are the best possible during the whole period of growth. This increases the yield of land and makes agriculture as sure as any other process of manufacture. The fear of a 'bad harvest' is eliminated by the steady blaze of the desert sun and the constant presence of the 'rain out of the ditch.'"

"The second factor is the continuous land-renewal by irrigation. Nothing like the impoverishment of lands familiar to observers in regions depending on a rainfall is known in Egypt, where the same fields have been cultivated for more than 6,000 years, or in Lombardy, whose agricultural history extends over more than two and a half millenniums. The reason is not far to seek. Irrigable lands in arid regions are watered by streams that come from high mountains; and this means, of course, that they flow over vast deposits of eruptive rocks, rich in the constituents of the most fertile soils, where the conditions of slope and climate are such as to cause the most rapid disintegration.

"This explains how such an important and expensive work as the big Colorado ditch is practicable. The Uncompahgre comes out of the Alpine fastnesses of the San Miguel and Courthouse ranges, where the waste of andesites, porphyries, and trachytes is worth more to the lands which it irrigates than the finest of artificial fertilizers. And so long as the mountains stand and the streams run this process of continuous renewal must go on."

MORE CLASHING OF STATE AND FEDERAL COURTS

BOTH Alabama and Georgia, in their efforts to enforce their prohibition laws, have recently experienced new and curious outbreaks of the old friction between the State and the Federal Courts. In Alabama the situation became so intense that the Governor sent word to the President of the United States that there would be trouble if he did not "call down" the Federal judge. The President's reply, it may be added, was to the effect that if any such trouble arose it would be stopt peremptorily. The difficulty in Georgia began when a Federal officer connected with the internal-revenue department was haled before Judge Fite, of the Cherokee circuit, North Georgia, to testify as to what persons held Federal liquor licenses in the judge's bailiwick. Mr. Stegall, the officer in question, refused to tell on the ground that to do so would be to violate his obligation to the Government, and was straightway jailed for contempt of court. When a Federal court demanded Mr. Stegall's release on a writ of habeas corpus Judge Fite at first refused to give up his prisoner, and finally complied only when it seemed probable that a troop of cavalry would support the Federal judge. Says the *Chattanooga, Tenn., Times*:

"The whole issue hinges on a question of fact: Does or does not the revenue service forbid its inspectors from divulging its business secrets? If it does then Judge Fite has got a serious controversy on his hands with the Government. . . .

"It is probably just as well to have these questions of Federal and State power, touching the liquor traffic, settled now as later. In Alabama a recent law makes a Federal license *prima facie* evidence that its holder is engaged in the sale of whisky and subjects him, in absence of proof of innocence, to fine and imprisonment. There would seem to be something very wrong about this. Either the Government ought not to license a man in a 'dry' State or else the 'dry' State ought to be compelled to respect the Federal license. If the Government accept a fee from one of its citizens for a license to do a certain business, it would seem that it should protect that business, otherwise it would be a party to a criminal act and in the attitude of accepting money for something it can not deliver."

When judges defy each other, and are defied by Federal officers, remarks the *New York Times*, how can the man in the street be expected to respect either party to the controversy, whatever its merits. To quote further:

"Both these incidents concerned themselves with the prohibition movement. Similar incidents were concerned with the anti-railway agitation. If they arose over those questions, they would be occasioned by any other question respecting which partisan feeling ran high. In neither matter was the question involved as important as the preservation of the writ of habeas corpus, and the exercise of full comity between courts. Respect for law should begin with those highest in authority, and especially with judges."

More regrettable than the clash between courts, thinks the *New York Globe*, is the fact that any technical rule of the Federal Government should stand in the way of a State's efforts to enforce its prohibition laws.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

Ir Peary has Dr. Cook "nailed," as he says, why does he keep on hammering?—*Cleveland Leader*.

In view of the contention about it, the Pole has maintained a very gentlemanly and commendable attitude throughout.—*Columbia State*.

Now some people are saying that Andree was the cleverest explorer of the lot. He went off to find the Pole and never came back.—*Richmond Times Dispatch*.

It is a comfort to think that a number of white men were present with Professor Burnham when he discovered Halley's comet. And not a single Eskimo.—*Indianapolis Star*.

PROF. JACK JOHNSON will now retire to his corner, while Explorer Matt Henson delivers his celebrated Chautauqua lecture, "Was I or Was I Not at the North Pole."—*Washington Times*.

THE HIGHER TYPE OF AMERICAN

IT is something new for Europe to admit that America has its class of idealists who measure up to the highest standards of civilization. We have long been judged by our noisiest and most offensive representatives, much as some of our people judge foreign lands by the worst representatives that come here. China is thought of as a land of laundrymen, Italy as a land of fruit- and peanut-venders, and Russia as a realm of ragged anarchists. In the same way Europe has imagined America as a huge commercial workshop, and all its people mere money-grubbers. But a writer in the *London Nation* points out that while this is true to some extent, as it is also, indeed, of other nations, America has also its men of high ideals, ignored by Europeans who pass harsh judgments on our civilization. The judgments of these adverse critics are summarized thus:

"The average American, they admit, may be a little better fed, a little healthier and happier, less ignorant and torpid-minded than in the older countries. But the pattern of the civilization remains crude and garish; there is everywhere a lack of ease and permanence; so much energy is still going out in material growth and structural repair that little remains for the cultivation of the finer arts of life. So it has been easy to construct from outside a plausible theory of the barrenness of the United States in art, literature, and other departments of disinterested culture. To most Europeans America has thus come to be represented as a great business world, dominated by a vulgar scramble for wealth and a profuse sensational expenditure. This spirit, the pervasive everywhere, has attained a more whole-hearted supremacy in America than elsewhere. So many outward and visible signs attest this supremacy of the purely quantitative standard of success. The architectural grandiloquence of America, the magnitude of business operations, the perpetual advertisement of size and number, speed and cost and distance, which falls upon the eye and ear, the scale upon which the movements of material apparatus are everywhere conducted, overwhelm the visitor. Thus one notion of the representative American is formed as that of the man who moves the largest masses of this raw rude energy, as if he, he alone, and he peculiarly, embodied the meaning and the worth of America."

The class represented by the great millionaires and railroad magnates are not typically Americans. "Men of the Harriman type have not really made America, they are not its true representatives," declares this writer:

"In one form or another, every public-spirited man in America to-day is engaged in the struggle to free his city and his country from the coils of this monster of corrupted capitalism. The later generation of Garrisons were in the forefront of this battle, working in the press, or on the platform, or in those rallies of 'good citizens' which everywhere have gathered in defense of the liberties of the people.

"The distinctive features of this type of good citizen are two, first his faith in the efficacy of moral appeals, and secondly his optimism. Perhaps one should say that these are but the two aspects of that definitely spiritual nature, that democratic idealism, which has always done the great deeds in American history, and which is so much more conscious and pronounced a character of American reform movements than European. . . .

"Not in Boston and New England only, but in the great fertile plains of the Middle West, and on the far-off Pacific slope, are men of the breed of Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, who know that the masses of their fellow citizens are not mere money-worshippers, bondsmen to material success, but are capable of responding to ideals of justice and human fellowship. Our political philosophers are often scornful of what they consider antiquated doctrines of natural rights. But to the good American they still have a deep meaning and a powerful appeal, and the sons of Lloyd Garrison in the spirit, as in the flesh, have not shrunk from the duties involved in his widest assertion of the principle, 'I claim to be a Human Rights Man: and wherever there is a human being, I see God-given rights inherent in that being, whatever may be the sex or the complexion.'"

AN ARMY OF PAUPERS IN ENGLAND

GRAVE concern is being felt in England over a report just made public, showing that there are 959,848 paupers, or persons receiving public relief, in England and Wales. One in every thirty-seven, therefore, is a pauper, according to these startling figures. From the report of the Local Government Board we learn, as printed in the *London papers*:

"The number of able-bodied men relieved on account of want of work shows the large increase of 133 per cent. on the previous year's figures.

"The total body of pauperism, as compared with the total on the same date in the previous year, has increased by 3.4 per cent., the number of recruits being 31,177. The highest increase is in Durham, where there is 7.1 per cent. more pauperism than on January 1, 1908.

"The great army of persons in receipt of some form of relief may be classified as follows:

	In London.	Out of London.	Total.
Paupers	123,545	706,611	830,156
Insane	26,037	88,832	114,869
Casual paupers	1,420	14,432	15,852
Totals	150,972	809,276	959,848

"In London 430 persons and outside London 599 persons who are counted twice in the preceding figures by reason of being reckoned for various reasons both as indoor and outdoor paupers, are only enumerated once in the totals.

"When this great army of people who have to seek aid from the State are compared with the population, the following striking facts come to light:

"One person in every thirty-seven in England and Wales is a pauper.

"One person in every thirty-two in London is a pauper.

"The average per 1,000 may be compared with the figures on January, 1908, as follows:

PAUPERS PER 1,000 OF THE POPULATION.			
	Jan. 1, 1908.		1909.
England and Wales	26.6		27.2
London	31.3		31.4

Commenting on these figures the *London Standard* remarks:

"What do these things mean? They mean that, economically speaking, the nation has for years been living on its capital, and that it is steering straight upon disaster. Regarded politically, these facts denote a very remarkable failure of the Government to insure or to maintain the national welfare and prosperity. In what does that failure consist? Broadly speaking, it consists in leaving the labor of the country totally unprotected against the competition, tariff-armed, of every other great manufacturing country. Mr. Chamberlain devoted the last strenuous years of his political life to telling his countrymen the truth, and they refused to believe him. They preferred to believe the casuistries of intriguing politicians and the arid sophistries of political economists before the evidence of their senses. What is the cause of pauperism? Unemployment. And what is the cause of unemployment? Free Trade, first and last and all the time."

A "FIND" THAT FINDS NOTHING—The North Pole has been discovered, but it is a barren result—not even a Golden Fleece—much less a Holy Sepulcher, declares the poet Abel Bonnard, in the *Figaro* (Paris). To quote his words:

"At last the Pole has been reached, but from the description of it we can not think that such a discovery adds anything to our geographical knowledge. If Dr. Cook has met with a reception not altogether agreeable, it is not merely because his account is somewhat inconsequent, but also because of the vague idea he gives us of what the North Pole is like. Perhaps we could expect nothing else, yet the fact remains that in the minds of most men there lurks a desire to see wonders. While our ancestors had whole continents unexplored concerning which they might exercise their imaginations, few and rare places are left to excite our fancy and to talk about as fields of marvel. The fascination of discovery

attracts us in proportion to the difficulties to be surmounted, and hitherto the inviolate Pole has shone like a diamond in the forehead of the world. But here we have a man who returns from seeing it. 'What is it like?' we eagerly ask. And all he has to say is—'A field of ice, under a sullen sky.' Then we naturally express our admiration for his courage, but we feel disappointed and would almost have preferred that a Pole so unpoetical and unromantic had never been discovered."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

FRENCH IDEA OF THE AMERICAN GIRL

WHILE the French girl is generally brought up in a convent, the American girl, says Marc Debrol, in the *Nouvelle Revue* (Paris), "belongs to the public domain, and is, in a sense, a recognized and official personage in society." "Two things," he declares, "dominate the choice of these girls in marriage—their wedding is either a romance or a bargain." To continue:

"They take for a husband, as a mere whim, either the man who is destitute of moral worth, or absolutely without means, merely because he happens to strike their fancy. It is no uncommon thing for a girl of the best families to marry an actor, or the private secretary of her father—even a chauffeur, or coachman. These women have an instinctive passion for the unexpected. They love these carryings off, these marriages on the spur of the moment—events that will be written up in the papers and create public diversion. Even tho their parents present no opposition to the union, they love to play the part of persecuted children, of lovers who are thwarted, they are seduced by the spell of mystery, secrecy, and dramatic surprise. No doubt there survives in them the spirit of enterprise which led their ancestors to leave Europe for the purpose of exploring and settling an unknown land."

This search after and longing for the unknown and the untried is particularly exemplified, we are told, in the American girl's passion for title-hunting. As he puts it:

"The same desire for the unattainable is shown in the way in which young heiresses in America hunger after a title. In this new country, there is no past; in this land of democracy there is no aristocracy. To have ancestors, even by marriage, is looked upon as a distinction; to gain a coat of arms and a title is to be an individual above the ordinary, and one of the elect. The more difficult it is to obtain the title, the greater the glory. This is why the American heiresses give a cold shoulder to the coronets of French marquises whose titles are offered for sale, and aspire to English titles.

"In the mean while, throughout the United States, and especially at Washington, there is much discontent over the international marriages which take so much money out of the country. These dollars play so important a part in life! The young girls who have fortunes, when they are but sixteen, are loud in their protestations that they will never marry a man unless he is richer than themselves, and can afford to give them a yacht, a city house, and a château in France, and any amount of pin money. 'I shall probably marry some time or other,' declared a young girl, who for two years had been turning down suitor after suitor who had been engaged to her, 'I shall certainly marry, because it costs too much to remain single.'"

The question of husband and wife in our country, and of old maids as well, is thus dispassionately and finally disposed of by this confident investigator:

"The husband is the thing that furnishes the money. He is the banker of the establishment. The wife does not mind sinking into the condition of a mere parasite, eager for luxury, and glad to barter her heart and her beauty for dollars. Of course there are exceptions—women who marry for love, or prefer to remain single."

These single women are common and yet uncommon in our country, remarks this acute observer:

"The old maid is not particularly rare in the United States, but she is of a peculiar type. She does not appear as the resigned creature who has failed to please, or the sentimental soul who remains faithful to a memory. American practicality laughs at the

idea of breaking one's heart over a love trouble. The American old maid has doubtless met with many opportunities of marrying, for in this country, a girl, if she be at all presentable, always has at least one chance. The American man desires to have a woman to represent him in public, while he himself is at work in his office. . . . The wives of such men are fond of travel, they live a life of real elegance, less with the idea of pleasing others than for selfish satisfaction. Having neither family nor home, they dispose of their time as they choose. They take an eager interest in politics, in social problems, in abstract and intellectual pursuits. They love movement and rarely indulge in either scandal or religious devotion."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

AMERICA TO SAVE CHINA FOR EUROPE

THE wildest rumors are being circulated by the Russian press about the part played by the United States in its endeavor to get China to accept from American bankers part of the loan for the construction of her new railway. The *Rossiya*, the official organ of the Russian bureaucracy, which editorially voices the policy and opinions of Premier Stolypine, prints a curious account of what purports to be the correspondence between President Taft and the Chinese Government. In it the President is said to have represented to the Chinese Government that the participation of American finance in the railroad loan will help to break up that balance of power which the European nations are trying to maintain in China. The United States considers it her duty to destroy the combination of Powers struggling for ascendancy in the Chinese Empire, and looking forward to the ultimate division of China among themselves. Europe hides political designs behind her financial proposals; but the interest of the United States in China is purely economic. Hence the United States is the true friend of China.

The *Novoye Vremya* doubts the authenticity of this report, which emanated from a Belgian news agency. This is not the style, it says, in which diplomatic documents are composed. Nevertheless, it believes there is deep political significance in the endeavor of the United States to supply part of the railway loan for China, which explains its inordinate eagerness in the matter. Instead, however, of working against the European Powers, America is proceeding in perfect accord with them and at their instigation, in order to wrest the Chinese market from Japanese invasion, and incidentally to curtail the power of Japan, which is threatening to gain mastery over the whole of Asia. It continues:

"At the present juncture the development of the Asiatic markets depends in a large measure on purely political conditions. Korea, theoretically open for free competition of all nations, is as a matter of fact entirely under the domination of Japan, and practically closed to every other country. The political influence of Japan in Peking assigns European commerce to the same place in China also. It is natural therefore that the European Powers, whatever may be their official relation to Japan, should feel compelled to strive for the curtailment of her political influence in Peking. Having no sufficient means of their own, they are trying to attract into the struggle every other Power available. The best, the most interested, and the strongest ally, is the United States. Hence the more capital America has invested in China the more she will be interested in counteracting the political influence of Japan. Thus the participation of the United States in the Chinese loan, while not at all to the liking of the syndicate of European bankers, fits in completely with the interests of the European Powers. That is why the United States has encountered no actual opposition in European government circles in its attempt to furnish part of the railroad loan to China.

"President Taft had no reason whatever to fear opposition from Europe. On the contrary, Europe is more anxious for America to have a great stake in China than she cares to show. Only Russia is left out of this fight, in which complicated economic considerations are still further complicated by political designs and aspirations."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*



LATEST KIND OF POLO.

—Fischietto (Turin).



PEARY NOW HAS A FINE OPPORTUNITY OF MAKING DOLLARS BY LECTURING INTO A PHONOGRAPH.

—Ulk (Berlin).



ESKIMO—"Nobody says anything about my part in this."

—Amsterdamer.



THE NEXT EVENT.

ENGLAND—"Hello, Cousin, I've reached the South Pole."

AMERICA—"Good, now we'll pole the old world along between us!"

—Pasquino (Turin).



TAFT AT THE WHEEL—"Full speed ahead!"

—Kladderadatsch (Berlin).

TO LIMIT ITALIAN EMIGRATION

THE rulers of Italy are awakening to the fact that Italy is being drained of her most virile and vigorous population for the advantage of foreign countries, and especially of the United States. The young, the strong, the Sabine and Calabrian peasants who established the supremacy of Rome in Gaul and Africa are now being drafted by thousands, declares Luigi Villari in the *Nuova Antologia* (Rome), to feed the labor market of America and to build the railroads as they built the highways that led from the golden pillar at the foot of the Capitol to the extremes of Cadiz and Constantinople. Mr. Villari complains that the emigration of Italian citizens is fostered by mercenary agents of American companies who demand cheap illiterate labor.

Speaking generally of this emigration of native Italians, this writer remarks:

"Italian emigration has two great branches. One of them tends toward Central Europe—Switzerland, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary. This is, of course, merely a transient change of country. The transatlantic emigration is of a more permanent character, and may be described as a tending toward North and South America. I confine myself at present to the discussion of emigration to the United States, to which country most Italians who leave their country repair. This is made the permanent home of a great number of Italians, few of whom return. Most of the Italians in the United States come from the south of their native country. There are of course a number of Northern Italians in California, in Colorado, in Illinois, and in a few other States. But at least 90 per cent. of the Italians in North America spring from Southern Italy, and in many cities of the United States we find actually existing the life and customs which are met with in the smaller Southern Italian cities and villages. The number of those of our countrymen who emigrate to the United States has in recent years increased with dizzy rapidity. In 1820 no more than 30 Italians landed in the United States. In 1870 the number of Italian emigrants had risen to 3,000. In 1900 it was over 100,000, and seven years later this figure was tripled."

The importance of this vast Italian addition to the laboring population of America is dwelt upon at some length by Mr. Villari, who remarks:

"Ever since America was colonized, immigration has always been a matter of vital importance to the country. . . . The arrival of Germans, Irish, and other peoples of Northwest Europe has gradually diminished from various causes, principally from the financial progress of the countries to which they belonged, such as, for instance, the surprising commercial development of Germany, and England's wise agrarian legislation in Ireland."

The Irish, at one time, recalls this writer, did the work which these Italian emigrants now do. The former have become engaged in city pursuits, they find openings in politics and the civil service, and "it may safely be said that at this present moment the Irish have a monopoly in certain branches of American public life."

The Italian emigration is being artificially stimulated, according to this authority, who believes that it should rather be restrained. As he puts it:

"There exist at present in Italy a certain class of people who find it their peculiar interest to promote the exodus of our peasant population. About 11,000 agents of transportation companies are scattered throughout Italy. We hear people talk about the 'sacred liberty to emigrate' which belongs to every individual, but I do not believe that such a liberty should be granted to every one. I think that minors, who are incompetent under the law to possess or dispose of property, should not have the free opportunity of emigrating."

This writer suggests that Italy or America might impose more restrictions than now exist. He observes:

"It is highly probable that the American Government will end by forbidding the immigration of illiterates. If the United States fails to impose this limitation, I believe that the Italian authorities will decide either to forbid or at least to limit the emigration of this class of citizens."

A far more serious question is the emigration to the United States of the Italian criminal classes, who are said to find on this continent a security and an immunity which are utterly denied them in Europe. On this point Mr. Villari, in contemplating the problem of such criminal organizations as the "Black Hand," speaks as follows:

"When we come to discuss the emigration of criminals, we are driven to the conclusion that this problem can be met only by an international treaty. The authorities on this side of the water are trying to prevent the emigration of criminals to the United States, the Americans are struggling to prevent their landing in New York and Boston. Nevertheless, a good number of worthless Italians succeed in reaching the United States and disgracing the Italian colors. Perhaps the best way to remedy this evil is for America to facilitate extradition by rendering it less costly. The United States ought to make a law ordering the expulsion of people already in the country, but whose presence is undesirable."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

FRENCH DEPOPULATION DUE TO THE REVOLUTION

"GIVE me children, or I die," is the Rachel cry of France. There are armies to be raised, navies to be manned, fields to be tilled, factories to be worked, and still the cry goes up, where are the men? The worst of it is that France is likely to be crowded out of Europe by competing nationalities. Thus the *Soleil* (Paris) declares:

"Statistics prove that France is being gradually depopulated. It is not necessary to advance arguments in support of this fact. Every public return shows that in a certain time we shall be crowded out by rival nationalities, most probably by Germany, whose population increases in proportion as ours dwindles. Thus it is that France must go. This is the brutal truth."

This Ultramontane and Royalist journal lays all the blame on the French Revolution. France at one time took the lead in its growth of population. What has caused the change?

"It is only since the Revolution that we have begun, little by little, to degenerate, to decrease, to perish. It is the Revolution that is responsible for the frightful inferiority which marks our present condition. Before the Revolution we were the vanguard of the nations, now we lag far behind."

This passionate complaint of the great religious organ of France finds a mournful confirmation in the columns of the *Temps* (Paris) which has long been considered the ministerial organ, the counterpart of the London *Times* on the other side of the Channel. In this powerful and influential journal we are told:

"There is no more sickening problem and none that is more baffling than the decreasing birth-rate in France. It is sickening because the moment our population ceases to increase, we are likely to be surpassed and crowded out by the nations whose population unceasingly multiplies, and the problem is baffling, because all the remedies proposed seem to avail but little."

The *Soleil*, quoted above, declares that the "race suicide" is caused by poverty, which, in turn, is caused by the abolition of the law of primogeniture and the decree which divides every piece of property equally among the heirs of a landowner. We read:

"We can see now how the two systems of primogeniture and equal partition operate. Primogeniture meant the conservation of property. Equal partition amounts to the enforced dissipation of the ancestral possessions. Under the one system we see the increase of the population, we see the prosperity and the greatness of France. Under the other system we see the depopulation and the decadence of France, her degradation in the eyes of the world. It may safely be said that of all the laws which on the sham plea of equality emanated from the stupid spirit of the Revolution, the law which has dealt the country the most irreparable injury has been the law of equality in succession."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MATTER

SUCH a title as the above, says Mr. L. De Launay, who writes about it in *La Nature* (Paris, September 4), would have scandalized a chemist or a physicist ten years ago. For a century past, the constancy of the chemical elements was regarded by most scientific men as an indisputable dogma. In kind and in weight, they were believed unalterable. It was the discovery of radium that set in motion an opposite current of ideas, which was also aided by the modern investigations on the intimate relations of matter and energy, on ions, electrons, etc. Weight, far from being constant, Mr. De Launay tells us, has been found to change perceptibly, tho very slightly, with temperature and with chemical action. As for the elements themselves, they may in certain cases be changed one into another. Says the writer:

"In questions of such extreme delicacy we should be on our guard against sensational assertions, made to-day and denied to-morrow. Thus, radium was at first said to realize perpetual motion, giving off enormous quantities of energy without change of state or of weight, whereas we now know that such changes do take place. Later the great English chemist Ramsay announced a transmutation of copper into lithium, which, according to the latest observations of Mme. Curie, must be inexact. What we have to say here has for its aim not so much to set forth conclusions as to state as methodically as possible a question so important and so subtle.

"Chemical elements that change spontaneously into others, unstable atoms that are born and die like organized beings—these are calculated to derange our staid old chemistry, in which we have always assumed that constancy which, fortunately for us, still exists approximately within our accustomed limits of operation. But we must not forget that the radium which we now find in natural deposits did not exist there—was not yet born—until within a definite number of years, and in a definite number more will no longer exist. . . . It was once—as is now believed—uranium or thorium, and will become helium, after passing through the series of unstable states that have been called radium A, B, C, and D. If this phenomenon of evolution is general for all material substances, which we can not yet affirm, but which we have no longer the right to deny, all our conceptions of the earth's past . . . will have to be reviewed and adjusted. This is not saying that we must throw them overboard, nor any of the observations or theories of the old physics. We must, however, establish some sort of relationship between the new ideas and the old, and alter the terminology."

We must first familiarize ourselves, the writer goes on, with the fact that an element, instead of being unchangeable, lives and dies, giving birth to other elements, like a living being. Physical conditions, such as pressure and temperature, seem to have no effect on this transformation. This is natural, because when a material system alters spontaneously, it assumes first, not the condition that corresponds wholly with its environment, but that which is nearest its primary state. When a ball rolls down hill, it must pass through an infinite number of successive positions before coming to rest at the bottom. Thus thorium passes into the state of "thorium C," in which it has five less positive ions, by becoming successively thorium X, radio-thorium, etc., by the loss of one ion at a time. Observations on this sort of change are very difficult; the life of radium, for instance, has been estimated at all the way from 100 to 10,000,000 years. Some investigators have estimated, instead, the period required to reduce the activity of radium to one-half, which Boltwood gives as 2,000 years. Others still have measured the energy given off by this substance, which amounts to 1,400 horse-power per hour, for a kilogram of it. The entire amount of energy contained in this weight of radium is given as 75,000,000 horse-power hours, which would make the life of radium—that is, the time required to lose all its energy, 50,000 years. It must be remembered that the methods of measuring such small quantities of the substance as must necessarily be dealt

with are particularly subject to error. Investigators of this subject deal chiefly with radium and its related elements, but the number of radioactive substances is being continually increased and the writer apparently infers that the property will one day be proved to be universal. Devotees of this new branch of chemistry have been amusing themselves by the construction of "genealogical trees," showing the line of derivation of one chemical substance from another. As yet, no one has been rash enough to include all the elements in such a table, the evidently radioactive substances alone being used. Says De Launay:

"To sum up, we have at first uranium, whose life is 10,000,000,000 years. Then comes radium, a well-defined chemical body, whose chlorids and bromids we have been able to isolate, with an average life of 2,900 years. . . . After which, we know that radium produces its emanation, in whose spectrum appears at the same time that of helium. The emanation lives 5.57 days and passes into helium through a whole series of bodies which have been called radium A, B, C, D. The last of these lives 17 years. Radium F has been assimilated to polonium . . . and lives 206 days. . . . It would be useless to give here the tables for other radioactive substances, which will doubtless be simplified some day. We may only say that thorium lives 1,000,000,000 years, one-tenth as long as uranium, and gives rise to other thoriums—X, A, B, C . . . and finally helium. The life of its emanation is 78 seconds."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

QUACKS IN JAPAN

MEDICAL advertising is frowned upon by the profession in Europe and America generally. Beyond a modest sign bearing name and degree, or perhaps an equally simple card in a newspaper, it is usually held to indicate that he who indulges in it is a charlatan. In Japan, we are told by an editorial writer in *The Hospital* (London, September 11), the Government has recently found it necessary to legislate against medical advertising. With the adoption of the Western therapeutics, in which the Japanese have gone far toward excelling their instructors, they have also been invaded, the writer tells us, by "less desirable products of Western therapeutic enterprise, including the advertising quack, the patent medicine, the cure-all nostrum, and other devices by which the ignorant and the credulous have so long been bled by ingenious knaves in Europe and Great Britain." We read:

"It would appear that the dimensions of these evils have grown to such an extent that the Government of the Mikado, with a praiseworthy concern for the welfare of his subjects, has taken at least the preliminary steps toward the regulation of a part of the evil. We do not gather that so far anything is being undertaken on the lines of the excellent New-Zealand legislation against quack advertisements and lying nostrum-vendors; but, according to an ordinance recently published by the Home Department, very stringent rules are to be enforced with regard to the conduct of the medical profession. It is further to be observed that in respect of what shall in the future, and what shall not, be conduct befitting a Japanese doctor, the model which the regulations follow is in the main that set by the General Medical Council of Great Britain. In future no licensed medical practitioner will be permitted to advertise in Japan details of methods of medical treatment, or the history or success of such methods. Doctors and dentists connected with hospitals or engaging in general practise will not be allowed to advertise any information beyond that indicating their degrees and specialties. In this respect the ordinance approximates perhaps more to the American idea of what is legitimate; for it is quite common to find in transatlantic journals small rectangular spaces containing the name, address, and telephone-number of some practitioner, with an indication of the branch or branches of work in which he claims to be especially adept and instructed.

"But, after all, in regulating the extent to which qualified men may bring to public notice the fact that the State recognizes their special claims to be regarded as trustworthy practitioners of

medicine or surgery, the Home Department is dealing with the fringe only of a very large evil. It is something that a start should be made, but to command anything like complete success the much greater question of fraudulent cures and the immorality with which they are advertised in the lay press must be dealt with. To lay down rules for the guidance of the medical profession is much less essential than to protect the public from the unscrupulous and unqualified impostors who bolster the sales of their cure-alls by wanton lies. The Japanese Government is to be congratulated if it has decided to take steps toward the remedy of these evils; and it might well be recommended to study the penalties enacted in New Zealand not only against those who concoct quack nostrums and advertise them with false statements, but also against those who publish them without taking reasonable steps to assure themselves of the genuineness of the advertisements and the reputations of the advertisers."

A CELESTIAL WANDERER'S RETURN

HALLEY'S comet, which has made its appearance in the heavens on schedule time, derives its interest from the fact that it is the one whose regular periodical visits were first definitely proved. It takes about seventy-seven years for this body to make its long journey around the sun, during which time it passes beyond the orbit of the most distant planet. It visited us last in November, 1835, and we shall not see it again until 1987. The exact dates are uncertain, since the comet is not allowed to pursue its way in peace, but may be pulled this way or that, and its speed increased or lessened, by the gravitational attraction of the planets near which it passes in its long flight. The comet bears the name of Edmund Halley, an English astronomer, who in 1682, being then only twenty-six years old, studied it and proved its periodicity. Says Theodore M. Raulein, who contributes an article on the subject to *The Technical World Magazine* (Chicago, September):

"Many people had looked at this great comet which visits us every 76.8 years for a few months and then flies away again to the

vanished to nowhere, leaving terror in its wake. Again and again it appeared—its absence of seventy-six years between visits being sufficiently long to cause nearly all who had seen it on its previous visit to be dead and buried when it called again. So it continued to spread terror century after century until Edmund Halley started to take away the mystery and incognito and put it in its proper place among the members of the sun's family. He camped, so to say, on the comet's trail and calculated the curve of the orbit, fixing it as a parabola. He took up other comets and analyzed their motions, coming in the course of his labor across one—1607—which had the identical curve, speed, and general elements of the comet of 1682. Halley was astounded. He calculated further back and came across the comet of 1531, where he found the same elements again. He then made the daring step which forever placed his name among the greatest astronomers of modern times—he risked his reputation and predicted the return of the great comet of 1682 for the year 1758. Feeling certain that he would not live until then

he said to the scientists of Europe when making his prediction: 'And when it really appears, do not forget that it was an Englishman who made the first prediction of the return of any comet.'

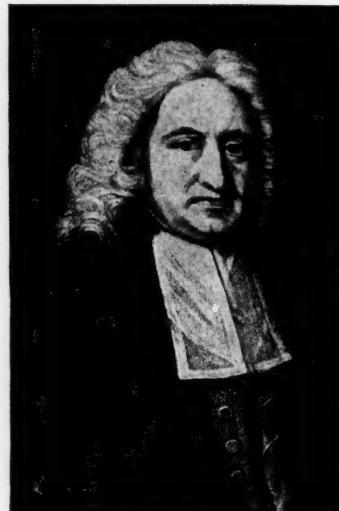
"Halley died sixteen years before the time scheduled for the reappearance of the comet named after him, but as this time approached astronomers and mathematicians took up the questions of disturbances by the big planets and came to the conclusion that Saturn would retard the comet's motion 100 days and Jupiter 518 days, or a total of 618 days, beyond the date of its perihelion passage as calculated on the basis of speed, distance, and attraction of the sun. Clairant, a famous mathematician, fixed this date for April 13, 1759, allowing one month either way, as a possible error. The comet actually . . . passed its perihelion—the point of its orbit nearest to the sun—on March 12, 1759. This was the first ocular proof that the comets—or at least some of them—really belong to the solar system.

"It is difficult to imagine at this late date the excitement and gratification produced among astronomers over this triumph of human thought and analysis. Hundreds of eminent mathematicians and astronomers began to compute the elements of comets with the result that a great number were found to be periodical, nine of them revolving within the orbit of Saturn."

Mr. Raulein's description of the appearance of this great comet at its last visit in 1835 is interesting as an indication of what we may expect to witness next May, when it will be nearest us. He says:

"If any lay person had seen this comet between August 20 and October 2, 1835, he would not have known it to be one, for it appeared in the form of a slightly oval nebula, without a 'tail' and having a tiny dot of bright light in the center of the nebulous mass. Soon after the date named above, the tail began to be developed and increased so rapidly that on the fifteenth of the month it stretched over fully 20 degrees of the visible sky. From that time it decreased with equal rapidity until on November 5 it was but 2½ degrees in length. During the time of the perihelion passage—November 14–18—the tail was entirely absent, but grew again as the comet began to recede from the sun. It remained visible until the following May and its constant changes of appearance were carefully studied by astronomers all over the world.

"Ever since Halley showed that this great comet of 1607 and 1682 was a periodical visitor to the neighborhood of our own



EDMUND HALLEY.
Whose discovery of the periodicity of comets, at the early age of 26, revolutionized this branch of astronomy.



From a drawing.
HEAD OF HALLEY'S COMET, FEBRUARY 11, 1836.

outermost confines of the solar system—beyond the orb of Neptune—fully 3,220,000,000 miles from us. Of course, people did not know the comet to be a kind of brother to the earth, children both of the same father—the sun. All they could understand was that a wonderful star with a sword-like tail hung gracefully but threateningly over the earth; that it appeared from nowhere and gradually

planet, astronomers and mathematicians have endeavored to trace its former appearances to the earliest historical times, and a really accurate list has been prepared giving every return of the comet down to May 15, 240 B.C. The average time for each complete orbit around the sun, calculated from the 29 known returns, is 28,031 days, or 76.8 years; while the quickest return was in 27,351 days and the longest trip took fully 28,990 days. The revolution now nearing completion is calculated as even shorter than the shortest hitherto recorded—see table below—it will take only 27,180 days. Thus there is a variation between the time of this revolution and that of 451-530 A.D., of fully five years."

TABLE OF THE RETURNS OF HALLEY'S COMET TO PERIHELION.

May 15, 240 B.C.	Nov. 15, 530 A.D.	Oct. 23, 1301 A.D.
May 20, 163 B.C.	Mar. 26, 607 A.D.	Nov. 9, 1378 A.D.
Aug. 15, 87 B.C.	Nov. 28, 684 A.D.	June 8, 1456 A.D.
Oct. 8, 12 B.C.	June 10, 760 A.D.	Aug. 26, 1531 A.D.
Jan. 26, 66 A.D.	Feb. 25, 837 A.D.	Oct. 27, 1607 A.D.
Mar. 25, 141 A.D.	July 19, 912 A.D.	Sept. 15, 1682 A.D.
Apr. 6, 218 A.D.	Sept. 15, 989 A.D.	Mar. 12, 1759 A.D.
Apr. 7, 295 A.D.	Mar. 25, 1066 A.D.	Nov. 16, 1835 A.D.
Nov. 7, 373 A.D.	Apr. 19, 1145 A.D.	April 15-May 1,
July 3, 451 A.D.	Sept. 10, 1222 A.D.	1910 A.D.

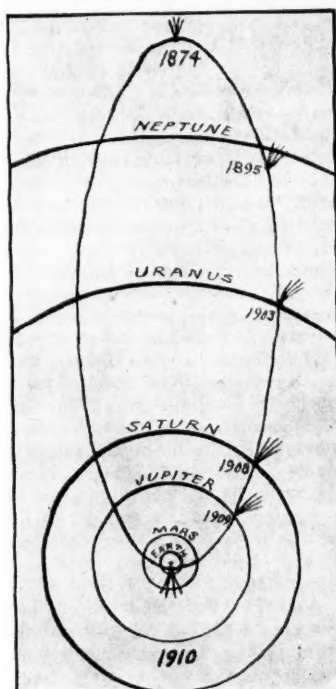
How is such a remarkable difference to be accounted for? Three hundred and seventy days after its perihelion passage in 1835 the comet crossed the orbit of the planet Jupiter which reached the same point 152 days later. Tho the comet had been speeding away during this time, the mighty pull of Jupiter even at that great distance served to retard the comet's speed, so that it did not quite reach the great distance from the sun that it had flown the century before.

Says the writer:

"It crossed the orbit of Saturn in February, 1839, of Uranus in March, 1844, and that of Neptune in December, 1846. Slowly, very slowly, receding still farther and farther, it floated far away into the

void beyond the farthest known planet, reaching its aphelion—the greatest distance from the sun—in February, 1873. At this point the comet's speed is very small. Gradually it swings farther around the curve and commences its return journey toward the sun. In April, 1889, it crossed Neptune's orbit on the return trip; it needed thus fully thirty-two and one-third years to cover the small arc lying beyond Neptune's orbit. To race over the opposite, equally large arc near the sun it needs just 725 days. Uranus was passed in March, 1902, and Saturn in February, 1907. The orbit of Jupiter was crossed in April, 1909.

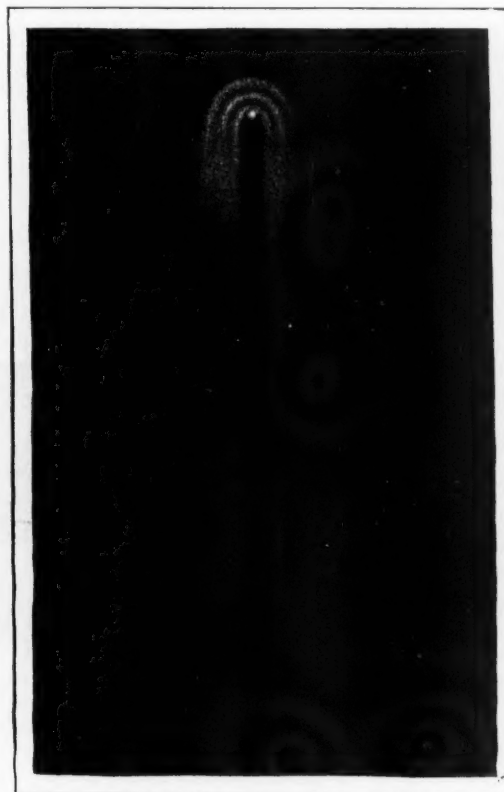
"The question most important to the average intelligent reader is naturally: 'When can I see it and where?' According to the most accurate calculation, the comet will appear in the big tele-



ORBIT OF HALLEY'S COMET.
From the New York Sun.

scopes (or at least on photographs taken with them) in October, 1909, near the constellation Orion. About the beginning of February, 1910, it will perhaps become visible to the naked eye in the constellation Pisces. In March it passes behind the sun. Thereafter it will become brighter and be visible during April and the

first week of May shortly before sunrise. On May 17 it will again pass the sun and from then on to about May 25 will be at its greatest brilliancy and apparent size. Its distance on May 18, being about 11,800,000 miles, or about one-eighth of the distance between sun and earth, will render it a very conspicuous object in the northern hemisphere. Its flight will be swift at this time, as it crosses



HEAD OF COGGIA'S COMET, JULY 13, 1874.

in six days over the constellations Taurus, Hydra, and Sextans. A few days later it will become fainter and fainter, gradually disappearing from the view of ordinary men; it will continue for a few months longer to be visible in the great telescopes; still a little longer appear as a faint dot upon photographic plates, and finally, about December, 1910, be lost in the vast distances, not to visit us again until nearly all who read this article have passed into that Great Beyond where no puzzles and questions arise."

WHY LOW DAMS ARE BEST—That a high dam is always more or less of a menace to the lives and property of people below it, while the danger from a low dam is very small, is asserted by Sylvester Stewart in *Cassier's Magazine* (New York). Says Mr. Stewart:

"A low dam can be built almost anywhere, while a high one demands a proper site. Suitable sites for high dams, such as points where the river passes between high banks, are not always points where power is wanted. If the cost of submerged land be added to the actual construction of a high dam in an industrial district, the relative expense of the high and low dams becomes immensely greater. The construction of dams upon a water course involves delay to navigation, requiring the use of locks, but there are a number of compensations for this objection. Thus, the factories and manufacturing establishments which receive power from the dam form additional sources of freight for the boats. It is also possible to derive power for the towing of boats from the power plants at the dam. Apart from the question of power, the construction of a series of low dams often includes a marked improvement in a navigable stream, regulating the depth of water and slowing down the current to such an extent as to improve up-stream navigation."

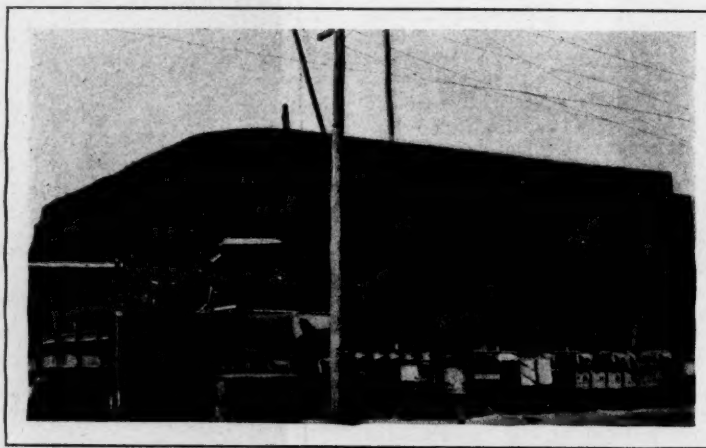
THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SCRAP-HEAPS

THESE are in San Francisco, relics of the great earthquake and fire. While the fire ruined the owners of the burned buildings, it left tons and tons of old iron in the handiest location possible for the junk dealers, who thus made fortunes out of other's losses. Like every such bonanza, however, the big profits roused competition, prices of old iron rose, and the brief junk paradise was ended. The following abstract of an article in *The Iron Trade Review* (Cleveland, Ohio) is from *The Engineering Digest* (New York, September). We read:

"One scrap-heap is 40 feet high, 100 feet square, and contains 20,000 tons, all cut in equal lengths of 18 inches, and piled in one solid mass, with the sides as smooth and solid as a brick wall.

This is the only one of four, of equal size and proportions, remaining intact, in its original size and shape, the other three having been drawn upon as the material was needed. Many other scrap-heaps are piled about the bay awaiting shipment, some as big as a house and others mere hillocks, scattered over acres of ground. Since the fire, one company has handled 150,000 tons, which constitutes the major part of all old material shipped or melted. It has six large shears in operation to cut the iron and steel, either that it may be better handled for

shipment or for the furnace. Besides the four heaps which are piled in shipshape trim, there are other piles of uncut scrap, forming heaps, rearing their tops way above the high fence surrounding the scrap-yard. Little of this scrap is used in San Francisco, the bulk of it being shipped to the Atlantic coast or to European ports, to be returned to San Francisco, in part at least, as a manufactured article. Thus California loses the money which would be paid in wages for converting the scrap into fabricated articles, and has to pay the freight for hauling the scrap away and bringing the iron and steel back for use. The history of the scrap-heaps dates back to the great fire of April, 1906, when the huge iron rafters and beams were twisted and bent out of shape, and almost melted; while still almost too hot to be approached, some enterprising men and boys commenced to 'pick up' scrap in the burned district, every lot of which was littered with scrap-iron and pipe, boilers, tubes, and all sorts of metal used in buildings. There was so much scrap in the miles of empty lots from which the buildings had disappeared that no one cared or claimed the stuff, and the ordinance against looting was not rigidly enforced by the police. The gatherers of scrap had all sorts of excuses for taking the stuff which, at that time, appeared worthless, except for holding a rag roof over a temporary apology for a tent, and in some cases, owners paid for having their lots cleared. Soon men familiar with the junk business hired wagons and boys and gathered scrap-iron and steel where they found it, in some cases paying a trifle for it, in others, they obtained permission to take it away. Not a few of these men found ready buyers and made fortunes within a few months. The heaps grew and diminished, according to the quantities accumulating and being shipped, but the business done by some of the dealers did not remain a secret very long. The enormous profits realized during the early period of the trade lured many others to embark in the business, and competition drove the prices to the limit. Most of the scrap has been disposed of, altho the very large heaps remaining in some yards and on the wharves are still a great sight for the stranger."



From "The Iron Trade Review," Cleveland.

GIANT SCRAP PILE IN THE YARD OF THE GREAT WESTERN IRON AND STEEL CO., SAN FRANCISCO.

HOW DO BIRDS FIND THEIR WAY HOME?

THIS question has long vexed naturalists, and something new regarding it has at intervals found its way into these columns. One conclusion now seems to have been definitely established by Prof. John B. Watson, of Johns Hopkins, who has been experimenting with sea birds in their wild state. He believes that birds and animals do not get home from long distances wholly by the recognition of landmarks. The homing pigeon has usually been the bird employed for such experiments, but Professor Watson notes that it is peculiarly unfitted for such use. He says, writing in *Harper's Magazine* (New York, October):

"How do we know that the pathway over which the bird returns is unknown? This is the crux of the whole matter. The homing pigeon is extremely keen-sighted. The very methods by which we train him to 'home' make it possible for him to become familiar with an enormous territory. Simply because he can not see his cote or even the town in which the cote is situated is no proof that he is not returning by the aid of visual landmarks. If the bird is five hundred miles from his home, and there is a mountain range between him and his home, it would serve the same purpose for him to perceive this mountain range and direct his flight toward it as if he could directly perceive his nest and young. With the methods of training homing pigeons which we have at present we can never be sure that the territory through which the bird directs his flight is ever wholly unknown to him. Furthermore, until we have more accurate records both of the number of birds which return and of those which do not, we can never be sure that the exceptional bird which does get home has not accomplished it by accidentally flying into a familiar territory."

"For these reasons I have been hardy enough to say that the question as to whether animals have a special homing-sense can never be answered by experiments upon the homing pigeon. It was this thought which led me to make a study of distant orientation in two species of tropical birds which are found upon Bird Key—a little deserted mound of sand about three hundred yards in diameter lying in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico. This key is a member of the Dry Tortugas group (sixty-five miles due west from Key West). The birds in question are the noddies and sooty terns, belonging to the gull family, and not differing much in general size from the homing pigeon. In the fall and winter months they are to be found distributed generally over the tropical waters of the Caribbean Sea. On the first day of May, almost to the day, about twenty-five to thirty thousand of them migrate to Bird Key, and remain there for the nesting-season. Bird Key is thus the northern limit of migration. A study of their habits shows that they do not go out over the water in their search for food for distances greater than fifteen to eighteen miles, consequently any distance north of Bird Key greater than this would take the birds into an unknown territory. Here if anywhere, then, we have material at hand for carrying out experiments upon distant orientation. We can send birds out over an ocean pathway or we can send them inland. My experiments have not been carried very far at the present time, but they have already progressed far enough to give some really astonishing results."

The experiments, which Professor Watson describes in detail,

show that these wild birds will return to their nests from a distance of over 1,000 miles, taking about six days to do so. He says:

"There can be no doubt that my birds were carried into a wholly unknown territory, and since they returned, the question as to how they did it is the one which it is hoped future experiment will answer. The generally accepted theory up to the present time has been that the birds return by means of visual landmarks, but here there are no familiar visual landmarks. It seems to me that the 'visual-landmark' theory of distant orientation is forever exploded by these tests. What we shall put in place of it is difficult to decide. Birds may have an extremely sensitive temperature sense, or a very fine sense of touch, which may aid them in detecting warm or cold, wet or dry, violent or gentle air currents, but such a supposition is doubly precarious for the reason that we do not at present know anything about the perfection of their senses of touch and of temperature; and secondly, granted that they have such senses finely enough developed, are the air currents constant enough and distinctive enough to afford a basis for getting back from any point of the compass?"

"Shall we, then, assume a special homing-sense and forthwith call our problem solved? This might satisfy the dilettante, but not the scientist. If the facts demand it, he is willing to assume a special sense, but the moment the assumption is made it becomes his duty to locate the sense organ responsible for it and to tell how the organ works, and what its relation is to the other sense-organs. That such a special sense, if it exists, is intimately related to vision in some way is shown by the fact that birds, as a rule, do not fly at night and that blind birds can not find the way home. This may be due to the fact that light is necessary for any kind of general bodily activity. Blind birds or birds kept in a photographic dark room are at first almost incapable of taking care of themselves. They behave much like birds whose cerebral hemispheres (the two largest portions of the brain) have been removed. The fact that birds are helpless in the dark is thus no proof that there is no special homing-sense. All that we can say at present is that light would be as necessary for the operation of such a supposed sense as it is for the other senses. Popular interest in distant orientation would be more or less satisfied if a special homing-sense were to be brought in to explain the facts in the case, but the real work on the problem would then have only seriously begun for the scientist. It is probably too early yet to say that the case is made out for a special homing-sense. The evidence, however, is too strong for us to deny that some sense other than vision is employed by animals in finding the way home."

SCIENCE AND POLAR "DASHES"—The absence of scientific results in both the recent visits to the Pole—assuming that both took place—appears in the corresponding absence of comment upon them in the scientific journals. *Nature* (London, September 9) has the following to say:

"If Dr. Cook reached the Pole, he has given a remarkable illustration of pluck and endurance, but his journey seems likely to have a minimum of scientific value, and there is still room where he has been for a well-equipped scientific research expedition to do excellent work in studying the geographical problems of the region. A mere 'dash' to the Pole may awaken a certain amount of sentimental interest, and direct public attention to the traveler, but it is of no value from the scientific point of view unless exploration—physical or geographical—is carried on. Commander Peary appears to have been equipped with apparatus for taking soundings and making other observations of polar conditions, and he has telegraphed to the director of the American Museum of

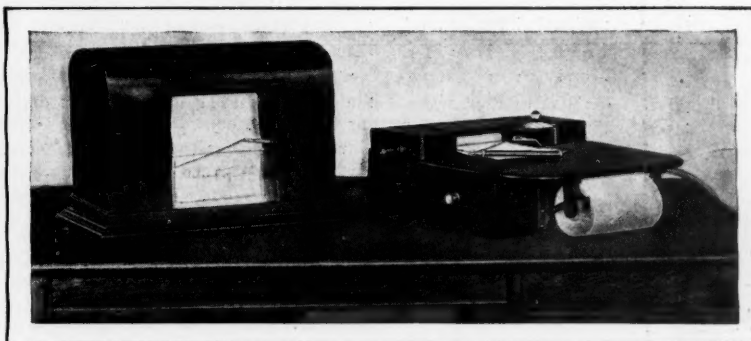
Natural History, New York, 'I am bringing a large amount of material for the museum.' The scientific importance of polar expeditions must be judged by the new knowledge obtained rather than by the determination of a mathematical point more or less accurately according to the instruments used and precautions taken. Assuming that the North Pole has been reached by one or both the explorers, the way is now clear for the scientific study of arctic hydrography, meteorology, and many other problems of terrestrial physics without the disturbing effort to attain the highest latitude."

WHERE THE TELAUTOGRAPH EXCELS

MOST people who have seen a telautograph work are delighted with the ingenuity of the device, but do not see why, for practical purposes, the telephone should not always be preferable. Why write a message at a distance when it may be spoken more easily and quickly? These persons should ponder the tale of the man who, finding a strange umbrella, telephoned to a friend, "Did you leave an umbrella at my house?" "I think I did." "Well, is this it?"

With a telautograph the inquirer might at least have drawn a picture of the article. But besides images of umbrellas, there are hosts of other things that a telephone will not transmit, or trans-

mits but lamely and imperfectly—all sorts of diagrams, formulas, computations, etc. These may be written down quickly and plainly, and the telautograph is thus the machine to transmit them. Where such matter forms a great part of the material to be transmitted from point to point, this device is more useful than a telephone. A machine-shop or a mill



By courtesy of "The American Machinist," New York.

A DEVICE WHICH FOR MANY PURPOSES EXCELS THE TELEPHONE.
Set of telautograph instruments, as used in a machine-shop.

is a place of this type, and A. L. Pratt, who describes two installations of the kind in *The American Machinist* (New York, September 16) thinks the telautograph will prove an invaluable adjunct in all shops. The first instruments described by Mr. Pratt are in the establishment of the Stanley Flagg Company, at Pottstown, Pa. We read:

"By means of this installation the shipping-clerk can ask questions of the machine-shop in regard to parts for shipment, request promise of dates of shipment, hurry neglected orders, and, in fact, be in close touch with the entire shop production."

"The advantages over the telephone are two: A request of any kind is made in writing, of which the original is with the sender and the reproduction by the machine with the person who receives."

"Thus, there can be no question as to whether or not the message has been sent and received."

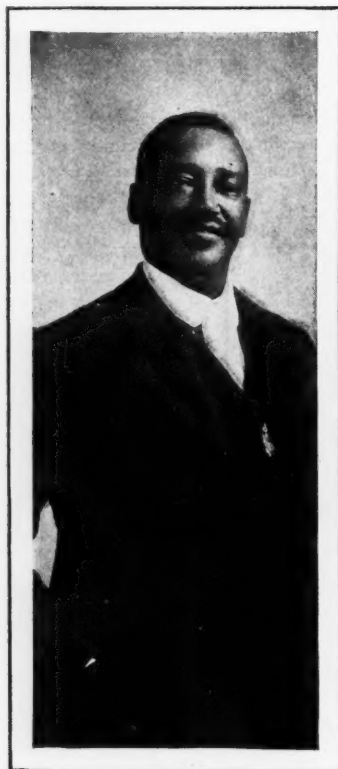
"Such questions frequently arise in connection with telephone messages."

"Again, the written request serves as a memorandum which the one receiving can keep in any convenient place until the matter mentioned has been duly attended to, and a reference to his own sending-file shows whether or not it has been answered and the nature of the answer."

"The system seems almost ideal as a means to trace work through the shop, get definite promises of shipment, and check the keeping of these promises. . . . Another valuable point in this system is in the fact that there is no waiting to get a connection with the person who is to receive the message. If that person is absent from his desk the message is sent just the same and awaits his coming. Compare this with the use of the telephone."

THE KONGO MISSIONARY TRIALS

THE results of the trial of the Kongo missionaries set for September 24 at Leopoldville are awaited with anxiety. It is thought that this trial will be the turning-point in the attitude of the United States and the other Powers, and, as *The Kongo News Letter* (Boston) observes, "bring them to a full realization of the intolerable character of the existing Kongo situation and to a determination to put an end to it forthwith." It will be recalled that the two American missionaries, the Rev. Drs. W. M. Morrison and W. H. Sheppard, of the Presbyterian Mission at Luebo, are defendants in a suit for "calumnious denunciation" brought by the Kasai Rubber Company, a Belgian commercial trust, of which the Kongo Government holds half the stock and appoints the controlling officials. In the autumn of 1904, as *The Kongo News*



REV. W. H. SHEPPARD, D.D.,

Who founded the mission at Luebo, and now is standing trial at Leopoldville for "calumnious denunciation" of the Kasai Rubber Company that is charged with exploiting and torturing the Kongo peoples.

tho the plaintiff reserved the right of taking further action against him. Dispatches last week said that judgment in Dr. Sheppard's case will be rendered soon. A recital of the events leading up to the trial is thus given by *The Kongo News Letter*:

"The trial was set for May 25, 1909, at Leopoldville. Luebo is nearly 1,000 miles from Leopoldville. Drs. Morrison and Sheppard had no alternative but to leave their mission duties, at however great a sacrifice, and to make this long and severe journey, partly on the mission steamer and partly on foot, through the African jungle.

"Meanwhile, the Presbyterian body and the Kongo Reform Association had appealed to the Secretary of State, Mr. Knox, to intervene and forbid this travesty on justice. Mr. Knox, pending further action, cabled the American minister at Brussels to request a postponement of the trial. A postponement to July 30 was made. The public indignation aroused by this case had been

Letter rehearses, "Dr. Morrison told the story of Kongo greed, oppression, and wholesale butchery, before the International Peace Congress at Boston, and the Congress adopted resolutions calling for international intervention." From that hour Dr. Morrison was "put under ban of the powers-that-be in the Kongo." Dr. Sheppard, a negro, and founder of the mission at Luebo, has since 1900 "testified to the atrocities of which then the public was beginning to learn." In February of this year an indictment was lodged by the Kasai Company against these two missionaries. The trial has been several times postponed, but by recent dispatches it seems to have begun September 20. The charges against Dr. Morrison, it is said, "were withdrawn on account of an error in the summons made by the bailiff of the court,"

growing rapidly, not only in the United States, but in Europe. From all sides increasing pressure was brought to bear upon the Secretary of State. The various denominational conventions in session during the spring and summer adopted strong resolutions demanding that the just rights of these two American citizens be protected. A petition to President Taft from the Swiss League for the Protection of the Kongo Natives attested the international proportions that public concern in the matter had attained. All the steps which the Secretary of State took have not yet been disclosed, but at any rate a further postponement took place, setting the trial forward until the 24th of the present month (September).

"All these months, Drs. Morrison and Sheppard have been compelled to remain in Leopoldville, away from their mission, awaiting whatever twists and turns Kongo 'legal' procedure might take. They were unable to carry to Leopoldville with them more than a few of the native witnesses they required, for these natives are held to stay at home and at work for the Kasai Company. That the few witnesses they somehow found it possible to take on the 1,000-mile journey will be browbeaten and intimidated, as in the notorious Stannard case of 1906, they have every reason to fear."

An interesting fact in the case is that Emile Vandervelde, one of the foremost Belgian lawyers and a member of the Belgian Chamber of Representatives, will defend the missionaries at the trial. Mr. Vandervelde "has for years been the leading critic of Belgian misrule." A letter from the missionaries printed in *The Christian Observer* (Louisville, September 22) tells as follows of the postponements of the trial and the hopes and fears of the defendants. They write:

"The situation is made peculiarly difficult, for, as can be seen, the Government in condemning the company must condemn itself, for it holds a controlling interest in the company. Would the Government under these circumstances give justice? The trial was set for May 25, at Leopoldville. A more inconvenient time and place could not possibly have been chosen for us. This meant that we were to be dragged for 900 miles away from our homes and from the seat of the trouble, where all our witnesses were. In fact, could we get any witnesses to go so far from home? Then, too, the dry season was coming on. We would not be able more than likely to get back to Luebo at all with our steamer. We ourselves would be taken away from our work and our families for perhaps many weeks. We were not consulted at all—everything was arranged by the State and the company.

"Owing to the failure of our steamer to get down with us in May, we could not reach here in time. The American consul was present and demanded a postponement of the trial. We are sincerely grateful for the splendid stand our Government has taken with us in this matter. Then July 30 was set, right in the midst of the dry season. The judge knew we could not be here at that time, for he went off to try another case, and when July 30 came he was nearly 1,000 miles away. But after the most strenuous effort we arrived here on August 2, only to find that the trial had been postponed till September 24. Mr. Sheppard made a land march of 150 miles to catch the steamer, and Mr. Morrison a canoe journey of 200 miles.

"We hear that a lawyer is coming out to defend us. Personally we would not have gotten a lawyer, we would simply have presented the witnesses, who can prove all that the article contains and much more; then, if they had decided the case against us, we would have refused to pay the fine and would have gone to prison.

"But in the decision of this case the whole status of these rubber companies is at stake, the lives of millions of natives are in the balance, and the deepest interests of all the Protestant missions. No, we have had to yield our personal preference in the matter to the good of the whole.

"Now it is impossible for us to know what the final decision will be. We are inclined to think that there will be a fine imposed—perhaps not as much as that demanded—just in order to save the face of the company and the State. But if this is done we shall not pay it, but shall go to prison instead, unless urged strongly to the contrary by other considerations.

"We feel that in this matter we are in the right, we are pleading the cause of the poor and the needy and the oppress, that we are on the side of justice, and that God is with us, and that the truth will be vindicated in his good time, and that out of this Kongo

cesspool of iniquity and corruption will come a brighter day. But it will never come unless God's people, with his divine aid, bring it to pass. We are proud of the position our mission has always taken in this matter, and we are proud of our Assembly and Church for using their influence in behalf of the right. Some may say that it is a political matter. Is it right to haggle over such theories when the cry of the oppressed is ringing in our ears and when we may be able to help them? Yea, does not God hold us responsible for any influence we may be able to exert in their behalf?"

In England Dr. Arthur Conan Doyle is the latest advocate of the persecuted people of the Kongo. He is publishing a book called "The Crime of the Kongo," which will be sold for sixpence, giving him no pecuniary benefits. In an interview in *The Christian World* (London) Dr. Doyle states that he tells "the whole story from the beginning—from the formation of the Kongo Free State down to the last missionaries' letter and the latest consular report." "It is a very terrible story—a horrible story. It made me quite ill to write it. I could not sleep at night for thinking of the vile things perpetrated there." He judges it worse than Turkish misrule in Bulgaria in the 'seventies and in Armenia in the 'nineties, because "Belgium's criminal misrule on the Kongo" has "been cold-blooded and actuated by the lowest and most sordid motive of gain."

BACKWARD SAN FRANCISCO CHURCHES

IF a visitor to San Francisco should happen to be interested more in the city's spiritual than in its material prosperity, he will be disappointed in the way this city of the Golden Gate is rising from its ashes. Such is the comment of an observer who writes from Oakland, across the bay. Not only has the Church failed to keep pace with the world in the work of rebuilding, says the Rev. C. F. Reid, D.D., but it "shows few signs of even attempting to do so on a scale anything like adequate." While the general population has grown apace until it has nearly reached the half-million mark, he writes in the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, "the Protestant membership of the city has actually diminished rather than increased." He continues:

"The last religious census of the city was taken in 1890, when the population was less than 200,000. It was then found that there were 14,062 members of the evangelical churches. This showing was bad enough, but not so alarming as present conditions.

"In 1908 the population of the city was estimated at 400,000. The year-books of the evangelical churches of the same year show membership as follows: Presbyterians, 2,700; Methodist Episcopal, 2,679; Congregationalists, 1,968; Baptists, 1,010; Christians, 768; Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 122. If to these we add 500 for the smaller churches that issue no year-book, we have a total of 9,747 members of the evangelical churches in an American city of 400,000 people, not quite 1 in 40.

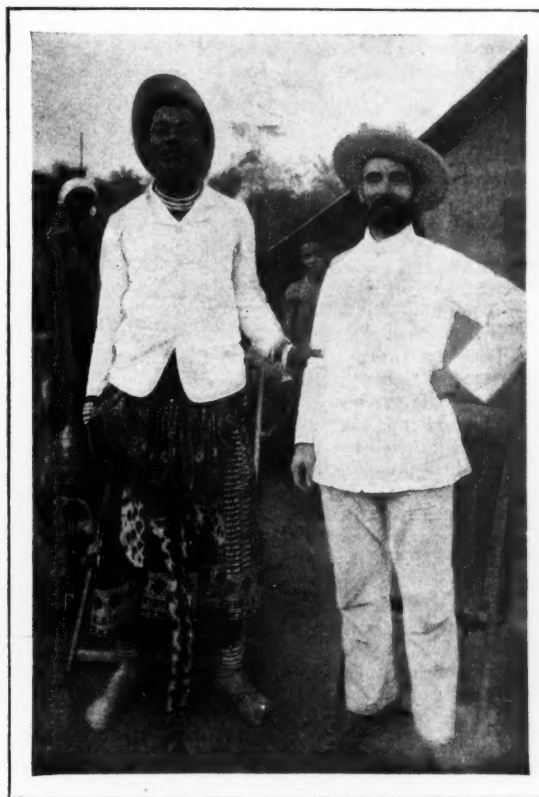
"If the decrease in other churches during the last year has corresponded to our own, and there is no reason to think it has not, then we may subtract at least 20 per cent. from this number; and if nothing is done to check the present falling-off, Protestant Christianity will be only a pathetic memory in less than two decades. Take, for example, the Methodist Episcopal Church. A few years ago they had a membership of 3,500. A prominent member of that Church told me recently that they would barely show 2,200 in all their 18 churches at the coming conference. The same gentleman told me there were 1,800 saloons in the city. Allowing two and one-half men for each saloon, you have more than two bartenders in San Francisco for every Methodist."

Scrutinizing the congregations that may be found in the churches the writer is deprest to notice "the scarcity of children and young people, and that, too, in a city where youth is preeminently a characteristic of the population." He asks:

"Where are the young men and maidens on Sunday? Do not go to the churches to look for them, but rather to the ferries and the railway stations, where they are flocking by thousands to the parks and hills across the bay and the pleasure resorts thickly scattered

down the peninsula. Find them in the cheap theaters and wine-rooms that do their big business on the Lord's day. It is probable that not one in fifty of the young men between the ages of fifteen and thirty ever think of going to church. With this ever increasing majority on the wrong side, what bodes for the future?

"With the above facts before us, can we do otherwise than admit that the Church stands arrested in San Francisco? Nay, more; that it is in a retreat that threatens soon to become a total rout before a careless paganism that laughs at her confusion. Is it not high time we begin to ask what is wrong and to make haste to save, if possible, the Church from utter defeat in San Francisco?"



"WE ARE PLEADING THE CAUSE OF THE OPPRESSED."

Dr. Morrison and a chief of one of the Kongo tribes to whom he is devoting his life. In the decision of the present trial, he says, "the lives of millions of natives are in the balance."

"Shall the Church, without a mighty effort, let San Francisco go? This writer has closely observed conditions for the last several years, and is convinced that one of the chief causes of Church failure is the great lack of home life. It is a city of flats and apartment-houses, and the children are largely reared on the streets. The churches have persisted in clinging to the conventional methods of the past, and have not ministered to the needs of the young life thronging the streets. They have been content to let the devil furnish the attractions and provide for the physical exuberance which specially characterizes the young of the Pacific Coast. Without home influence to lead to the Church, and with no provisions to answer the call that tingles in every drop of red blood that runs riot in their bodies, the young turn to the places where they may be found.

"It seems plain that to reverse the tide flowing so strongly out of the Church, we must reverse our methods and forget the traditions that have led to our defeat. The vulnerable point of San Francisco is in its young life. Therefore let us build no more tall steeples, nor seek to impress with dim religious light sifting through stained glass; but let us build substantial young people's church-houses, where the best conditions of home life can be provided, and where all the reasonable demands of a vigorous young life can be met. Let us rub from our banners the theological dogmas hard to understand, and in their places write large and luminous: *We live to minister.* Jesus was not afraid to minister to

any need or form of misery. In fact, most of his time seems to have been spent in going about doing good. A return to his methods might be tried, and even in San Francisco there is good hope they will prevail."

FRANCE'S AFFLICTED "SISTERS"

THE outside world has largely overlooked, in its discussion of the French secularization acts, the sufferings endured by the French nuns, who find themselves "suddenly deprived of their means of living, expropriated, and exiled." The misery of apprehension concerning the unknown future, the constant fear, day and night, of the gendarmes' knock, has been too much for some poor souls, says Mr. J. C. Sutcliffe in the London *Catholic Times*. Health, and reason too, have been overthrown in many cases. A vivid picture is drawn of the plight of these religious recluses when the town councils, having long coveted the fine buildings and choice sites of the religious institutions, finally prevail upon the Government to proceed to confiscation. We read:

"The ax and the hammer thunder on their great gates. They are broken down, or, lifted from their hinges, fall with a mighty crash. The tramp of soldiers and gendarmes and the clink of arms resound in their cloisters and passages. The inner doors are smashed one after the other. The nuns' cells are searched. The sacred rights of 'enclosure,' so long scrupulously respected, are violated. At last the invaders break into the inner refuge, the chapel where all the community are in prayer. In face of the drawn swords of the men of arms and of the law the Superior must make a dignified protest. Then, with a semblance of force, the nuns are driven from their beloved home.

"These women have been enclosed, many for long years, fifty, sixty, maybe seventy or more years. There are the aged, the sick, perhaps the dying. All must be pitilessly moved out. Some have died in the way, before reaching the near friendly shelter. It is, perhaps, midwinter; the snow lies deep; for their patronal feast, their day of rejoicing, has been chosen for the expulsion. Behold these nuns, unaccustomed to the outer world, adrift to find a refuge in some distant land! Where to find it? How to find it? They are many; only a large house can hold them. A large house asks a large rent. Who will pay it?

"Behold the exiles thrown into a desert in Spain, or an overcrowded quarter in Belgium! At once difficulties arise of opposite character. In the one there are no children to form a little paying school, no ladies to give needlework or other aid. In the other the bishops can not allow them to open a school; it would empty existing schools and starve nuns already at work. The same for needlework; already there are more hands than work. After a miserable effort to live on stewed vine-leaves or a few potatoes, the weakest die of starvation; others linger on until a little help comes. Here the house has not been habited for years; the drains are out of order; seven nuns die of typhus fever; their chaplain nearly dies after them. For months the peasants dare not approach, fearing the plague, hence impossibility for enclosed nuns to obtain food. Fortunately, help came in time from the nearest, tho distant, town. There the house is damp; four or five die of consumption. Others fall ill from overcrowding. They have no beds; seized in the custom-house or too expensive for carriage. They have too few, and must sleep in them in turns through the day and night."

Abating to some extent the rigors of this picture the writer goes on to present scenes where these horrors do not occur. Some convents have been able to take their schools with them, and the number of pupils has been kept up. Other resources are employed such as are here described:

"Some find charitable friends, sometimes at their new homes unexpectedly, or aid from societies formed in France. Others obtain precarious work. Some powerful congregations boldly found new schools all over the world. The 'Sacré Cœur' has established as many schools as were closed. The 'Brothers of the Christian Schools,' after filling to the possible their existing schools and forming new ones in the many countries already grateful to

them, triumphantly planted in fresh soil, such as Mexico, Cuba, Brazil, Cape Colony. Even under the most favorable circumstances, however, lie painful anxieties, great money losses, many sacrifices, property confiscated, difficulties to be overcome, grief at the destruction of flourishing good works, at the ingratitude and wickedness of men."

But the real pinch is not with these communities that have been able to preserve their common life. There are other small and weak congregations which have dissolved, and, hoping for better days, have thrown their members loose on the world.

"Ah, there is the struggle, there the starvation, there the hopelessness, with the added suffering of isolation. Many tried to enter domestic service. As a rule they are unfitted for its duties. The only careers for which they are fitted, teaching and nursing, are closed to them. They belonged to a congregation; it is a stain the Republic will not allow them to wash off. An incident, while it throws a ray of humor on our sad story, shows this indelibility. An ex-Brother had produced very real proofs that he had returned to secular life. The judge would not accept them. The Brother asked what proof would suffice. The judge: 'The only proof would be his marriage.' 'Then, sir,' victoriously replied the Brother, 'I apply for the hand of your daughter.' The proof demanded seems based on the declaration made in the House by a leader of the Republic, M. Combes, that it was hoped the ex-nuns would soon be seen everywhere, decked with ribbons and finery, ogling the men; and the ex-Brothers with wreaths of smoke encircling their budding mustaches!

"To add to this mass of misery are the woes of thousands of orphans, of reformatory children deprived of the safe shelter and loving care given them by the congregations who brought them up in the faith and fear of God. These poor children have been thrown back to the dens of misery or vice from which Christian charity had rescued them."

WHERE CHURCHES FLOURISH AND DECAY—Some rather curious facts in the rise and fall of the ecclesiastical barometer are noticed by the editor of *The Christian Advocate* (New York) who bases his remarks upon the statements of one of his religious contemporaries. We read:

"According to the latest United States Census reports, the majority of the church-members in every State in New England are Roman Catholic. More than 69 per cent. of the church-members in Massachusetts are Roman Catholic; 74 per cent. in Rhode Island are Roman Catholic. *The Congregationalist* recalls the fact that in the early years of the Republic the west and southwest territory, which had belonged to Spain and was ceded to France, was under Roman-Catholic control. In the southern part of that territory it was contrary to the law of the land for Protestants to hold public worship. In the 'Natchez Country' persons were arrested for maintaining such worship. In what was then West Florida the Roman Catholic was declared to be the only religion permitted, and Protestant Bibles and other books were seized and burned. Early settlers in St. Louis were not allowed to have a Protestant meeting-house. But it candidly observes that at that time in New England there was hardly any more toleration of the Roman Catholics than of Protestants in the Southwest. The only States west of the Mississippi in which Roman Catholics are now in the majority are the most thinly settled ones: Nevada, Arizona, and Montana. New Mexico, still a Territory, is also in the list. *The Congregationalist* says that the Roman-Catholic Church has taken possession of New England by invasion from Ireland and Continental Europe (we add lower Canada), and nearly all its priests and prelates are of foreign birth and parentage. The Roman Catholics know what they believe, are not ashamed of it, are ever ready to defend it, are skilled in gaining advantage, and, while divided between the two great parties, with but few exceptions are ever ready to vote for the special interests of their Church when such are in issue at the polls. Locally, they get what they can for their purposes from each party or both. So far as we can ascertain, or their own statistics will show, in none of these States is there any remarkable addition to the Roman-Catholic Church from the Protestant denominations of the land, or the unchurched people of other blood than that of the countries where Roman Catholicism prevails."

A GREAT SHOW OF DUTCH PICTURES

THE American tourist who imagines he must go to Amsterdam to see paintings by Rembrandt and to Haarlem to see those of Franz Hals may be told on his return that he might have formed as good an idea of these masters by visiting the exhibition of Dutch pictures in New York.

Never before have so many Dutch masterpieces been brought to one's very door, as are now gathered at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York, in the midst of its spectacular outdoor celebrations, has assembled these pictures to commemorate, so says the catalog, "the age of Henry Hudson and the country under whose auspices he entered the river which bears his name." It will be many a long day, say the commentators, before the public will again see in one group thirty-four Rembrandts (this number shortly to be swelled by three more), twenty works by Franz Hals—"so large a number of Hals's pictures has never before been collected together"—and five by Vermeer, of Delft, with another on its way to join them. Then there are seven Hobbemas, four landscapes by Solomon Ruysdael, and eleven by Jacob of that name,

and a scattering display of works by Cuyp, Steen, Peter de Hoogh, Terborch, and others of the Dutch and Flemish schools. The whole country has contributed to this display, including wealthy art collectors from Montreal, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, and Newport, and public art institutions like the New York and Chicago art museums. The character of life and nature that this show displays is thus indicated by Mr. Cortissoz in his notice in the *New York Tribune*:

"The immediate appeal of an exhibition of this sort is made to the spectator's curiosity and his sensuous instinct. It is, by itself, a little exciting to see so many famous works gathered together in one place, and after the first moment of surprise there follows a kind of glut of the eye, a reckless gormandizing of massive draftsmanship and sumptuous tho somber tone. Later impressions take account of more complex elements of charm and provoke reflection on the remarkable educational value of the collection, framed as it is with special reference to that Dutch period in the history of New York which is just now uppermost in our minds. These pictures throw, to begin with, a flood of light on Dutch types, Dutch manners and dress, boldly relieved against a background of Dutch landscape and architecture. In the portraits of Rembrandt and Hals you are brought face to face with the seventeenth-century burgher and his wife; Vermeer and De Hoogh will show you how they lived at home, and while the Ruysdaels expose the character of the countryside and waterways in Holland, the broadly humorous compositions of Jan Steen will people the

scene for you with Hobbinsol and his doxy. The light that suffuses the land of our ancestors is gray and cool. For all the moisture in that northern atmosphere things are seen clearly in it and painted with meticulous accuracy. Steady-going realists we dub the painters of the place and the period. For one explanation of the course they followed look at their flat landscape, their comfortable farmsteads, and their comparatively sunless sky. Look also at the society reflected in their paintings, at the heavy frames and honest but quite unemotional physiognomies of the men and women, and at the wholesome, earthy lives they led indoors and out. What

more natural than that the artists dwelling in such an age of sturdy materialism should develop the gifts which go to the making of a realistic picture? Dependence upon the visible fact, simplicity, truth, were in the very air they breathed."

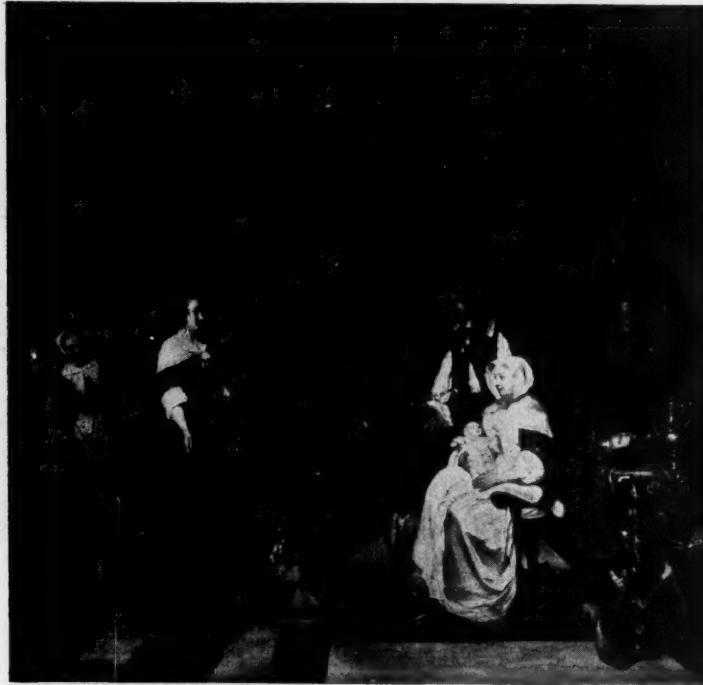
The glory of the exhibition is naturally the work of Rembrandt. Mr. W. H. Downes declares in the *Boston Transcript* that this "is a more impressive showing of his work, everything considered, than that made on the occasion of the Rembrandt tercentenary at Leyden in the summer of 1906." The canvases are mainly portraits, almost the only "subject" picture being the "Finding of Moses," from the Johnson collection in Philadelphia. Of some of the others the critic of the *New York Evening Post* writes:

"The happiest days of Rembrandt's life were the nine years (1633-42) from the date of his betrothal to Saskia van Ulenburgh to her death. Her portrait (P. A. B. Widener's), if not an altogether satisfactory picture, is full of the bright light and brilliant color of Rembrandt's joyous years. A charming portrait of himself (Herbert S. Terrell's), resembling much that in the National Gallery, and showing him in the happiest of moods, was painted six years after their marriage. To the same date belong the celebrated so-called 'Gilder,' or 'Le Doreur' (Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer's), one of the most exquisitely finished of that highly finishing period of Rembrandt's painting career, and the 'Portrait of an Old Woman' (Mrs. Havemeyer's), both wonderfully warm and golden in coloring. 'The Gilder' was an artist named Dorner, and the probabilities are that a misprint, rather than the sunshine of his pictures, as tradition says, gained this portrait the name of 'Le Doreur.'

"The splendid 'Noble Slav' (W. K. Vanderbilt's), with a deep shadow on the left of the turban and on the lower part of the figure, has that brilliant light playing out of and around the body that only a genius of the first order could dare. But Rembrandt was a god in his art, and he made nature as it suited him. Where he wished that it should be light there was light.

"'The Marquis D'Anelot' (Richard Mortimer's) belongs to Rembrandt's marriage year. It used to be known as a 'Young Man Buckling on His Armor' until recently, when an old French poem, describing the picture, was discovered to reveal the identity of the sitter.

"The oldest Rembrandt in the collection is a small sketch of



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A VISIT TO THE NURSERY,
By Gabriel Metsu.

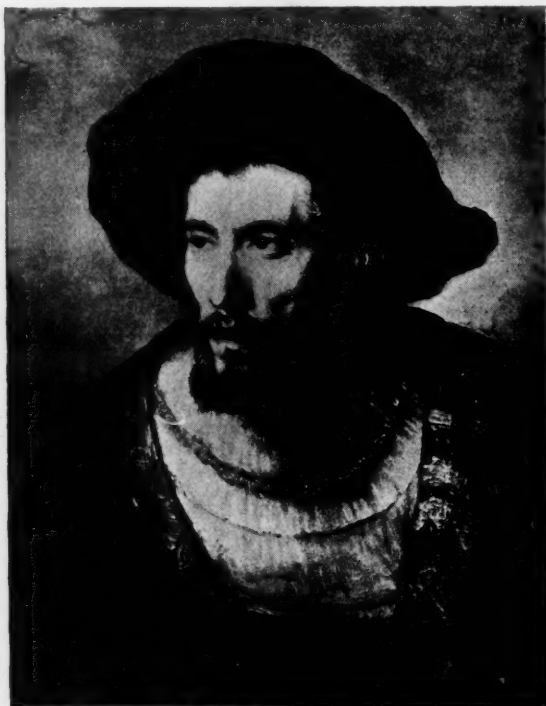
This notable picture, formerly in the great Kann collection in Paris, was lent to the Hudson-Fulton Exhibition by its present owner, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

himself (J. Pierpont Morgan's), painted in 1628; the most recent, the 'Portrait of a Man,' 1667, belonging to the Museum."

Next to the Rembrandts, interest in the Vermeers is keenest. Mr. Cortisoz writes:

"For him it was enough to paint some placid lady of Delft, occupied in household duties, or seated at her dressing-table, or idly talking with her cavalier. He was content with this simple ambition—since in the achievement of it he could practise a sort of wizardry, poetizing paint, extorting from his pure surfaces a beauty which Rembrandt himself, with all his tremendous powers, could not have attained. Perhaps the master would have disdained Vermeer's ideal as something not altogether worthy of his genius, a thing naturally to be left to a quieter, more refined and, perhaps, smaller temperament. Vermeer could afford to concentrate himself upon his modest inspiration. It was, at any rate, authentic, and, what is more, it led him to perfection. There are five examples of him at the Museum, and, as has been noted, Mr. Altman is to lend another. This is good fortune, indeed, considering that there are only thirty-odd Vermeers in the world. It is interesting to observe, too, that of the specimens now shown the finest is that 'Girl with Water Jug' which is a permanent possession of the Museum forming part of the late Mr. Marquand's fine collection. Even Mr. Morgan's 'Lady Writing' and Mrs. Huntington's 'Lady with Lute,' both radiantly beautiful paintings, seem a little less gemlike than this flawless study of blues and whites. Mr. Frick's 'Music Lesson' and Mr. Johnson's 'Lady with Guitar' are distinctly below its astounding level. But, after all, special satisfaction in the Vermeer that we can see all the time need scarcely diminish our pleasure in the pictures by him which for a brief period emerge from private galleries. They are all deeply interesting in their serene mastery, their loveliness of tone, their indefinable distinction.

"It is not only his superiority in respect to style, but his finer qualities as a colorist and a painter of light, that give Vermeer an



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A PHILOSOPHER.

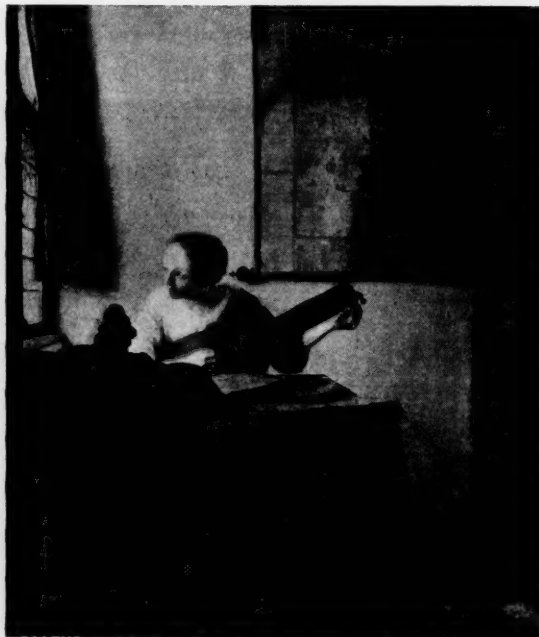
By Rembrandt.

Mr. P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, who lends this canvas to the Hudson-Fulton Exhibition, secured it from the Kann collection.

almost cruel advantage over those fellow countrymen of his who labored in the same field. There are some notable specimens of their craft in this exhibition. Senator Clark, Mr. Borden, and Mr. Frick have each lent a good piece by Terborch; Mrs. Havemeyer sends her brilliant picture of 'The Visit,' by De Hoogh."

SUFFERING FRESHMEN

WHILE the freshmen may think they are suffering from many worse things in these autumn months, one writer affirms that the worst of their afflictions is incompetent instruction. Because some studious young man has written a learned thesis on a rare genus of prehistoric mosquito and gained his Ph.D., he



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

LADY WITH A LUTE.

By Vermeer of Delft.

One of the contributions by Mrs. C. P. Huntington to the Hudson-Fulton Exhibition of Dutch Masters.

is made a college-instructor and the poor freshmen have to take such instruction as he can furnish. Many an abler teacher, says Mr. William R. Castle, Jr., in the October *Atlantic Monthly*, is debarred because he lacks the magic letters after his name. Mr. Castle thinks it little less than "deplorable" that the possession of the Ph.D. degree "should be held to entitle a man to a position as instructor in elementary courses." The ideal teacher certainly should be a scholar, "but one fired with enthusiasm to teach, to kindle enthusiasm for learning in dormant minds." If such men are lacking, the choice "should be from among the ranks of young, eager, intelligent graduates; men not as learned, perhaps, but often better able to teach; men whose ideals are high, whose enthusiasm is infectious; who would be glad of two or three years of experience, both in teaching and in leading younger men." Instead of such men, what do we largely have? The writer answers:

"The young instructor to-day is too often not a human individual, in the sense that he must be to attract the freshman. Too often he is selected, not primarily, but exclusively, for his learning. A young man, after three or four years of devotion to his books, graduates from college *summa cum laude*. He knows few of his classmates because he has never had time to meet them. The book of 'college life' he has never opened. After graduation he applies himself with even greater assiduity, deciphers obscure manuscripts, writes a thesis on 'Boileau's Influence on Rousseau'—which the world had thought negative, if it thought about it at all—or on some rare genus of prehistoric mosquito, and then suddenly finds himself blinking in the face of an applauding world—a Doctor of Philosophy.

"He is conscientious and therefore gives his instruction with meticulous accuracy, but without enthusiasm. How can he be enthusiastic in the teaching of something which does not interest him, and before students whom he believes determined to gain as

little as possible from his stores of wisdom? As proctor he does the work of a policeman, an irritating stickler for the letter of the rules and regulations; but even as a policeman often ineffective, because he does not see, and is not interested to probe, beneath the surface of undergraduate life. It would be useless to appoint him a general adviser, because his advice would never pass beyond books; because when conscience drove him to the rooms of a student it would destroy spontaneity; he could give no advice concerning life, because the freshman would know more of life than he.

"Will the college consent to give him up? It is bound to him through loyalty, the wish to reward years of faithful work. It believes, perhaps, that he will write distinguished books, and would like those books to issue from its doors. These reasons are excellent, but are not sufficient if the students are to suffer. The truism is often overlooked that a college exists for its students, not for its faculty. The mistake made is in putting such men in charge of freshman courses, where even a suggestion of pedantry is disastrous, and where the ability to arouse enthusiasm for study is infinitely more important than the inculcation of fact."

In addition to the need felt for sympathy between the instructor and the students in the classroom, there is an increasing conviction that means should be employed to draw these two elements of college-life closer together outside the classroom. The preceptorial system is advocated and largely practised at Princeton. Mr. Castle makes the interesting suggestion that the upper classmen be utilized in extending this system. It might do much, he thinks, "toward guarding the freshman from the dangers of his natural inquisitiveness." We read:

"In every college there are numbers of good upper classmen who are eager to cooperate with the faculty in starting freshmen along the right path, and it is amazing that thus far so little advantage has been taken of their services. Each of these upper classmen

even than the advisers, that each was getting his fair chance socially. He would report cases where financial aid was needed, or admonition, or encouragement. As it is at present, many fellows are lonely; many, especially those from a distance, miss the recognition they deserve merely because they ignorantly room out-



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE SAVANT.
By Rembrandt.

This canvas, originally in the Kann collection, now hangs in the Hudson-Fulton Exhibition. Mrs. C. P. Huntington is the owner.



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

WILHELM VAN HEYTHUYSEN.

By Franz Hals.

One of Chicago's contributions to the Hudson-Fulton Exhibition. The owner of this Hals is Mrs. Charles L. Hutchinson.

should be given a list of from five to ten freshmen whom he would make it his duty to know. He would talk over with them their work and their play: their study, their amusements, their athletics. He would make sure that each, outside of his lessons, was given a sane interest, something to do for the college, whether participation in football, or in debating, or in writing for the college papers. He would see to it far more effectively than the dean, or

side the sphere of undergraduate life, or, knowing no one at first, fall in with uncongenial classmates, and, becoming discouraged, withdraw into themselves. To such lonely men the dangerous pleasures existing outside of college appeal as substitutes for what they have missed in college. These tragedies would be far less likely to occur if all members of the class were thrown together, and natural associations were facilitated through the provision of upper classmen and advisers."

POETRY AS A STAFF OF LIFE—The strangely contrasting situations of two prominent English poets makes the Boston *Transcript* wonder about that eternal problem of the rewards of art. Mr. Alfred Noyes is in the enviable situation of being under thirty and the author of seven published books of poetry. He deliberately chose poetry as a means of livelihood when he left Oxford and is said to have found little difficulty in marketing his verse. Set in contrast is the case of Mr. Stephen Phillips, "another English poet, and one of substantial gifts and notable achievement." It is reported that he was lately summoned to public examination in the bankruptcy court in London, but he failed to appear because he could not "raise the price" of a railway ticket from Brighton, where he lives. Upon these facts *The Transcript* comments:

"One hesitates to institute comparisons between the productions that yield such diverse results, reluctance being deepened by the fact that Mr. Phillips is the elder poet and attracted favorable notice long before the other planet swam into our ken. If either gentleman conspicuously allied himself with the life of the time, the success and the failure might easily be explained; but the fact is that Mr. Noyes, like Mr. Phillips, finds his most inspiring themes in history and myth—and, tho Sir Francis Drake seems no very 'live subject,' *Blackwood's* printed the epic tale for Mr. Noyes in twenty instalments! Perhaps the younger man has the greater gift of persuasion, or employs the more energetic press agent. At any rate, it is evident that, tho Mr. Phillips does not deserve misfortune, Mr. Noyes is entitled to success. He married an American girl."

OUTGROWING LITERARY GARDEN-PATCHES

OUR novelists, it seems, are coming to look over their fences to see what is going on outside their garden-patches. The consequence is that "garden-patch" literature is giving way to the cultivation of a wider, more world-embracing field. So points out a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, who recalls a not distant past when our fiction-writers presented us little nosegays from New England, Alaska, the Tennessee mountain region, the Middle West, New York, Southern California, or New Orleans. It was really only a few flowers in the case of the New-England writers, for the area was not wide enough for the number of cultivators, and little more than a flower-bed could be apportioned to each. "Because Miss Wilkins stood so close to New England, because Charles Egbert Craddock had made the Southern mountaineer her own, because George W. Cable held New Orleans for his demesne, it became a virtue for every writer to constitute himself the interpreter of a corner, no matter how little, of the national life. It was the period of local color and the patented brand of goods. Like careful users of milk, readers were supposed to lay stress on the farm the product came from." We have not, as yet, quite done away with our garden-patch literature, says this writer, but "we seem to be moving fast in that direction." He continues:

"The soil is being exhausted. Mary Wilkins Freeman has emigrated from New England to New Jersey. George W. Cable has moved from Louisiana to New England. Jack London has been scouring the Pacific for pastures new. There are, of course, younger writers who continue the tradition. Stewart Edward White has his Canada and Southwest. Rowland Thomas has annexed the Philippines. Herman Whittaker is invading Mexico. Nevertheless, it seems evident that the age of local and provincial literature, at least so far as concerns fiction, is passing into an age of nation-wide interests. From the portrayal of local character or local adventure we are moving forward toward problems that are the same the country over, because they deal with common facts of our democracy, our social organization, or, wider still, our common humanity. Take the novel of American history as it has been diligently cultivated by Winston Churchill and a number of lesser writers. Take the novel of politics, from its beginning in 'The Honorable Peter Sterling,' to the latest amateurish tale of the wicked boss and the good district-attorney. Take the novel dealing with the phenomena of social readjustment. Finally, take the novel dealing with the universal questions of ethics, social structure, and sex as Robert Grant and Robert Herrick write it, and our drift away from the parochial fiction becomes unmistakable."

The projector of these speculations goes on to examine how far our growing breadth of outlook is due to causes from within and how far it is due to influences from abroad. Thus:

"A precise apportionment is something more than difficult, but unmistakably both factors have been at work. The 'moral uplift,' by stirring the national self-consciousness, has served to bring literature and life among us more closely together. The adjustment may as yet be very crude, but it is significant that the young writer, who five years ago would have instinctively tried his hand at the dialect story or the ordinary novel of adventure, now finds it natural to try his hand at a story with a 'real' problem in it. It may be that the 'reality' he attains is much less truthful than the bit of local psychology he may formerly have succeeded in seizing; yet, as part of a movement, his efforts have their distinct value. So much for the results of the recent great awakening. Coincident with it has come a greater interest in the civilization that lies across the ocean, and a fuller knowledge of certain aspects of that civilization. Frank Norris, who was a pioneer in the sociological novel, imitated Zola. The factor of direct imitation is not so strong in his successors. But it is impossible to think of our weightier novelists as escaping the influence of a Thomas Hardy, a Tolstoy, or of certain of the Frenchmen. The very subject compels it. Rise to a universal topic, and you fall under the universal sway. Democracy, women, marriage, labor, are now the subjects of serious fiction the world over, and our writers necessarily echo certain common truths. Specific evidence of our growing contact

with Europe is plentiful. The international novel, once the monopoly of Henry James, to-day employs quite a little army of writers. If the American theater has lately shown a decided swing from the European to the native drama, it is largely because our native playwrights have at length learned from the Europeans how to deal with serious problems of national life."

TOO MANY DRAMATIC LOVERS

THE fact that the French drama is crowded with lovers upsets an unsympathetic critic in *La Revue* (Paris). He finds that this surplus of lovers is no wise representative of real life, and concludes that French dramatists are building plays by formula instead of relying upon fresh observation. The French writer who has at the moment achieved the greatest popularity in English-speaking countries, Charles Bernstein, is pointed out as the prince of sinners. He with his lesser *confrères*, we are told, has turned the French theater into "a huge factory." The dramatic authors are "mere manufacturers, business men." Love, it is charged, is the basis of the dramatist's formula, and they carry it out blindly. For the eternal question asked by the dramatist is, "Will the characters be happy or not?" Their "happiness," it is added, is made to depend only on their ability to be happy in love. Mr. Paul Gsell, the author of these charges, proceeds in these words:

"Love—and usually the most sensual—is considered by our authors as the basis and only object of life. It crushes every other sentiment, all other activity. Some writers—M. Bernstein in particular—proclaim that the most independent and the most violent satisfaction of the sexual instinct is the most beautiful manifestation of human energy. Passion which scorns law, duty, honor, and which, if necessary, would commit crimes—is the most admirable thing in the world.

"It is scarcely necessary to show how exaggerated is the rôle thus given to love in our modern life, how false is such a conception of life, particularly in our time.

"In olden days love could unfold itself freely. At the time of Louis XIV., for instance, the nobles could, between military campaigns, spend their spare time in complicated intrigues of love. Then passion was exalted, strengthened by all the resources to be found in those energetic beings, intermittently unoccupied; its sap shot forth in wonderful or prodigious blossoms, ending either in glorious voluptuousness or in glorious crimes. This is what justifies Racine when he painted a humanity thinking of love only. In reality, his heroes spent their *vacations*, only, in such a way.

"Love also played a considerable part at the time of Romanticism. The young men at that time imagined that their slightest heart-beat was of more importance than the progress of the world, and they let themselves be swayed by the storms of passion.

"But nowadays cultivated people know that they have better things to do. They have cognizance of the rôle which every one must play in human society. They consider love either as an agreeable diversion, or preferably as a real and close association. Long sieges of rebel hearts, inconsolable sufferings of betrayed love, tenacious jealousies and insane rivalries are scarcely seen any more, at least not among the better class of people, and that is the set our dramatists pretend to portray. We do not mean that love has lost its power on modern humanity. But it is less violent, for it is surrounded, as it were, by social obligations. At any rate, whether evil or beneficent, it is no longer the center of existence. Evil, it is considered to hamper the individual; beneficent, it is an advantage to him. The real center of modern life is the collaboration of every one for the general good."

Therefore, when one considers modern plays where the whole action centers around love and love only, it is easy, says the writer, to see that such plays lack truth and sincerity. The reason is that our modern dramatists do not observe; they write according to formulas merely. The playwright should not be afraid to take his subjects from real life; to dare to handle problems which would make people think, and not merely amuse them. "Love would not be out of place in such a drama, but it would be a side issue, serving to enhance the vital struggles of passions or circumstances."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

NEXT YEAR'S CARS

A writer in *Motor* declares that in no previous year have so many makers of cars been ready thus far in advance "to take the public into their confidence to the extent of showing them what their next year's cars would be like." *Motor* had already described a few of the coming cars, but in its current issue it is able to give full particulars regarding twenty-four others. As the years pass, the changes made in cars, as was the case with bicycles ten or more years ago, become each year less and less important. The writer in *Motor* believes that we shall soon reach the time when leading makers will continue from season to season without any announcements of new models. As for the year 1910, the changes, he says, are "merely in details." He adds:

"In some cases they are more, such as the adoption of the gasoline motor by a hitherto exclusive advocate of steam, the building of a four-cylinder car by a company which up to now has confined itself to two, the adding to an already extensive line of a light-weight, low-priced, four-cylinder model, but these are the exceptions and, even then, are more changes in business policy than in car design.

"Nearly every year has some feature of design to characterize it. The side-entrance tonneau body, the six-cylinder motor, the light car, the use of the magneto—each of these found such extensive adoption in some one crop of new models that it made the crop distinctive. Last year it was the light car and the magneto. This year—well, frankly, we don't know what it is. Things are too much as they were to make the crop distinctive. Motor-car design evidently has 'arrived.' It is at any rate making no great strides in any one direction, altho in motor-making there is a tendency toward longer strokes.

While it is still possible that changes of note may be made in future cars, the writer is bold to say further on this subject:

"It is still too early critically to compare any great number of them to determine the structural tendencies manifested in this year's—or rather next year's—crop of cars, but nothing has been disclosed as yet which leads us to think that that tendency is out of the well-known line. Motors, clutches, gears, and driving-systems will remain very much as they are; more magnetos will be used, some very low-priced cars being fitted with them at no extra cost, but the motor-car of 1910 will in every way be very much like its predecessor of 1909."

THE VANDERBILT CUP RACE

The date selected for the race this year for the Vanderbilt cup is October 30. The Nassau-county course will be used, altho considerably shortened, the contest being for "stock-car chassis racing-craft." The circuit is likely to be less than fifteen miles in length. The Motor Parkway to its fullest extent will be employed, the course being completed by the use of the necessary connecting State roads. Four classes of cars will compete simultaneously under "careful classifications recommended by the General Rules Committee." The

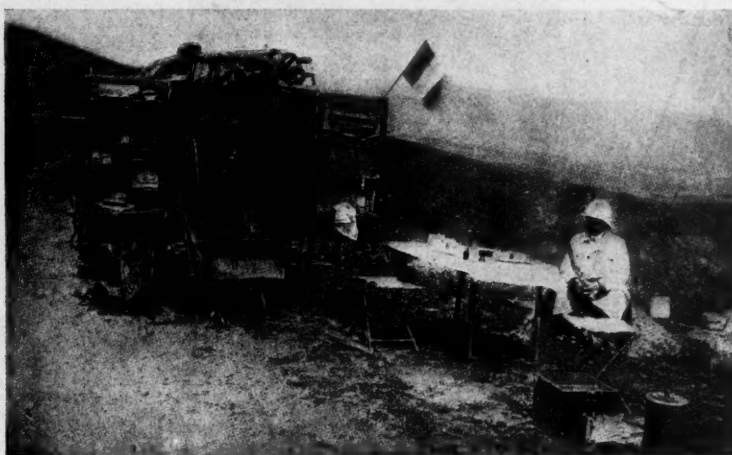
EARLIEST STEAM PLEASURE CARRIAGE

In researches made as to the early history of horseless vehicles, it has been brought out that, while vehicles not propelled by horses had been devised at least seventy years ago, the first vehicle intended wholly for pleasure, light in construction, and propelled by steam, was projected by a man named Ricketts, an engineer of Buckingham, England, who in 1858 devised a vehicle of this kind. Under the patronage of the Marquis of Stafford in 1860 he constructed two others in which were embraced notable improvements which had been suggested to him by an amateur engineer—the Earl of Caithness. One of these carriages of 1860 is shown in an accompanying illustration. As described by a writer in *The Car* its mechanism was as follows:

"All of Ricketts' machines were carried upon a pair of driving-wheels in rear, and a single small guiding-wheel in front. The horizontal boiler was of the return-tube type, the main frame constituting the tank, which held forty-two gallons of water, estimated to last for ten miles. A

supply of coal for thirty miles, at the rate of 6 lb. per mile, was carried. The Caithness model was direct-acting, instead of being driven by a pitch chain, and contained the following mode of placing the axle in connection with the driving-gear. The axle was in radial segments, so that as the springs rose and fell by the action of the road the driving-gear, or toothed wheels, were never allowed to be at a greater distance from each other at any time. The axle as it rose or fell performed a part of a revolution round a crank-shaft, on which was fixed the smaller wheel that gave the action to the road wheel. This arrangement gave a perfect action. There were two sets of spur wheels and pinions, giving proportionate speeds of ten and four miles per hour, so that by throwing the lower speed into gear the tractive force was multiplied two and a half times. The tractive force was estimated at 750 lb., but it only produced one-ninth of the gross load—viz., 380 lb., thus showing a very large loss by friction. The dimensions of the cylinders, which were placed inside a downward continuation of the combustion-chamber, were 3½ in. diameter by 9 in. stroke. The maximum steam-pressure was 150 lb. The Caithness carriage weighed 1½ tons, or 2½ tons with full load of water, coal, and passengers."

The writer adds that this vehicle in the spring of the same year was exhibited to the Queen and Prince Consort at Windsor and afterward was sent to Scotland,

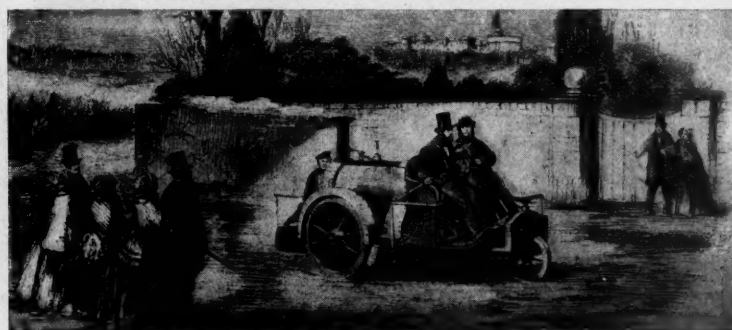


A FOREIGN CAR EQUIPPED WITH UTENSILS FOR CAMPING OUT.

smaller cars will be stopt at certain short distances; the larger ones, which compete for the Vanderbilt cup, holding the course for the final rounds. The conditions of entries are given as follows:

"The Vanderbilt Cup will be open to stock chassis in class 1 (451 to 600 cubic inches piston displacement) and class 2 (301 to 450 cubic inches), both running in one class for a distance of approximately 275 miles. Trophies will be offered for stock chassis in class 3 (231 to 300 cubic inches) at approximately 205 miles, and class 4 (161 to 230 cubic inches) at approximately 135 miles, while special trophies will be awarded to the winner in classes 1 and 2, competing in unison for the Vanderbilt Cup.

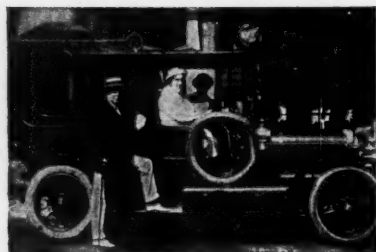
"Entry blanks, now in the hands of the printers, will be mailed from the new office of the Motor Cups Holding Association, Denon Building, Mineola, L. I. Entry fee for Classes 1 and 2 will be \$500 for each car; for Classes 3 and 4 \$250 for each car."



RICKETTS' STEAM CARRIAGE OF 1860—THE FIRST POWER-DRIVEN PLEASURE CAR.

tho not on its own wheels. A trip with three passengers and a stoker was then made to the Highlands. This, says the writer, "should go down to history as the first purely pleasure tour ever made in a mechanical road vehicle." The tour occupied several days and was accomplished without hitch over the steepest roads in Scotland. The speed attained was nearly twenty miles an hour. No accidents or mishaps of any kind are recorded. Among the comments made in public prints at the time was the following prophecy by *The Builder*:

"Does not this now at length foreshadow that the day may arrive when the horse, being no longer necessary, may become a curiosity? Fair ladies may call for their steam horse so tamed, and with it fearlessly roam through the streets of the West End and the parks. Coal as a means of propelling the locomotive may not be always necessary. Electricity would be cleaner; even the German baron's compressed-air bottles of iron, or some still simpler motive power, may one day replace it, at least in the new equivalent for pony carriages, cabs, and riding-horses. It is to be hoped that no renewed infliction of heavy tolls will again stupidly interfere with it."



SIGNOR CARUSO AT THE WHEEL OF HIS NEW CAR IN ENGLAND.

That nothing permanent came from this success was due in the main to the fact that an act of Parliament in the following year prohibited the use of locomotives on ordinary roads except under very stringent regulations. This act remained in force until the autumn of 1896, when the motor-car had been so well developed that its repeal was made imperative.

GASOLINE BILLS AND THE RUN

A writer in *Motor* discusses the question of the relation which the amount of gasoline consumed should bear to the distance covered. A common statement has been that each gallon ought to take a car nine miles, but careful owners and drivers have been able to increase this distance materially, some claiming that they have covered fifteen miles on one gallon of gasoline. The writer of this article specifies certain points in driving by which gasoline may be made to cover a long distance. He says:

"First of all, you will not only let down, but remove bodily your cape cart hood and windshield. To reduce wind-

resistance still further, you will run your car about as slowly as you can without coming down from high gear. This gives you the



DOUGLAS FAWCETT'S ARRIVAL AT THE MER DE GLACE, HIS BEING THE FIRST CAR TO CLIMB THE ASCENT OF 3,000 FEET FROM CHAMOUNIX.

benefit of the direct drive, for one thing, and the small throttle-opening results in small fuel charges. Your wheels and engine have to revolve about so many times anyway, and the less the amount of combustible taken into the engine per revolution the greater will be the amount remaining for subsequent revolutions. The 'maximum efficiency' load and speed of the engine itself do not enter into the matter at all. It is simply a question of burning as little fuel as possible for each revolution of the wheels.

"Presumably your carbureter is adjusted to give its best results at your ordinary road speed; possibly it is adjusted to give its best mixture at the highest speed you can reach. For the test in question, you will naturally change its adjustment to give the best mixture at about twelve miles an hour, which is probably the unexciting speed you will endeavor to maintain as being the lowest at which your engine pulls effectively in high gear. You will, of course, carry your muffler cut out open, but you will deny yourself the exhilaration of opening the throttle wide at the same time for the pleasure of hearing the gatling-gun reports which follow.

"Before starting, you will see that the gear-box has just enough oil or grease to lubricate the gears without needless churning. You will see that the rear axle and the bevel gears or sprocket chains are properly lubricated, and that the engine is fed as much oil as it can safely use. If the batteries are below par, you will put in a fresh set. During each instant of the ride you will drive with ears attentive to the sounds of the engine, and with fingers alert to use the smallest throttle-opening and the maximum spark-advance which will hold the car at the speed desired. If you have to stop, even for half a minute, you will stop the engine and re crank.

"If you can choose your course, it will lie over the smoothest and most level roads you can find. If you must go up hill, you will take excellent care to unclutch and stop the engine at the top, and let the car coast to the bottom and as much farther as its momentum will carry it. You will, of course, not think of such a thing as using your brakes on any hill. You may not actually remove them before you start, but you are well aware that for every foot-pound of energy absorbed by the brakes in checking the car, another foot-pound must be developed by the engine in restarting it, and you and your passengers will therefore cling for your lives while your car rushes down the slopes.

"It needs no argument that the procedure just formulated is not even an approximate description of your usual manner of driving, and you are quite sure that if you took so much trouble all the time a saving of thirty to forty per cent. in your gasoline bills would leave you with the feeling that, for the most part, virtue was its own reward. When you balance the time lost against the gasoline saved you are not quite sure of even so much as that."

A CAR FOR ALL KINDS OF WEATHER

Elsewhere in this issue is printed an illustration showing a motor-car seating six persons and designed to meet all conditions



A DUTCH RAIN-PROOF CAR.

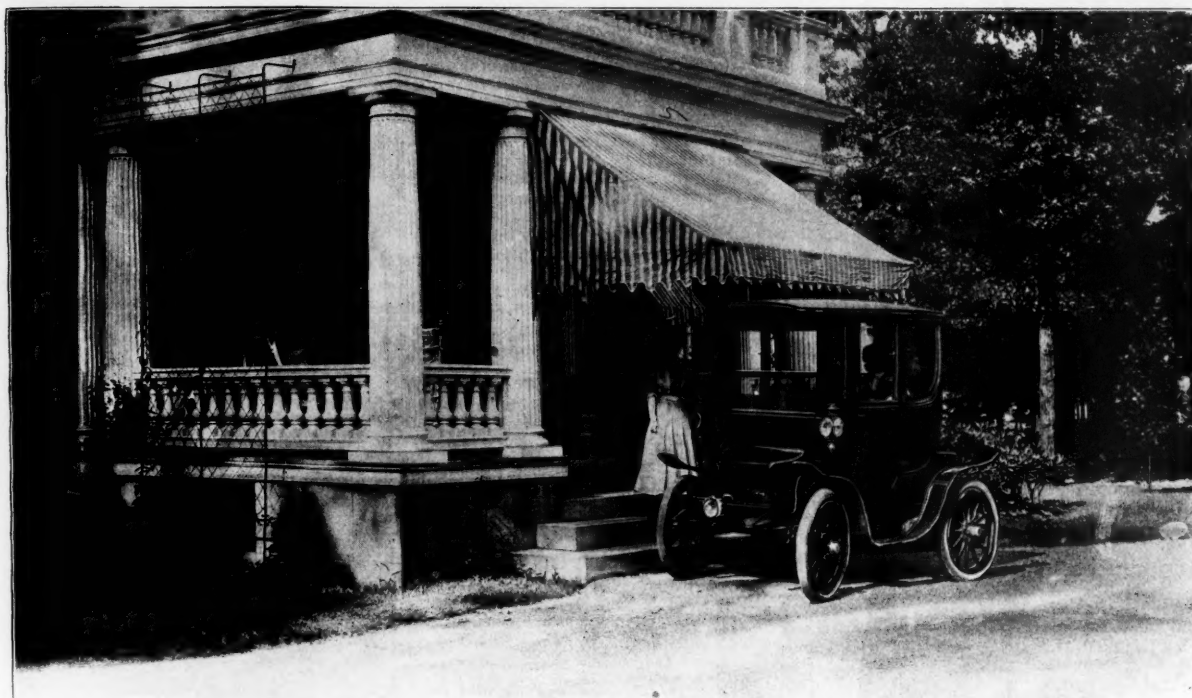
of weather. It was designed in Brussels. The body is described in *The Autocar* as "quite one of the most sumptuous and luxurious things of the kind we have ever seen." English motor-body builders are declared to have inspected and greatly admired it. In the matter of protection given against the most inclement weather, a Pullman car "could not be more satisfactory." Its interior is "most handsomely finished in primrose and black." Other details are given by the writer as follows:

"The short leather hood forward is serviceable for shade when driving in very bright sunlight, and for sheltering the vertical glass screen from rain in bad weather. The glass screen itself is made to swing forward as shown, to give a rush of air within when desired. Both front and back doors are of unusual width, the driver being able to gain his seat from the off side, so leaving the front passenger undisturbed. All the sash windows are made to let down into the body at will. The accommodation in the rear part of the vehicle is more than ample for four passengers, the two additional seats, which are masked by hanging cupboards, fitted with dressing-case articles, dropping down when the cupboards are



BUFFALO BILL INDIANS IN MOTOR-CARS.

(Continued on page 584)



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Three hundred people were disappointed last year because we could not make deliveries, so we have doubled our capacity and will build 1,000 cars this year.

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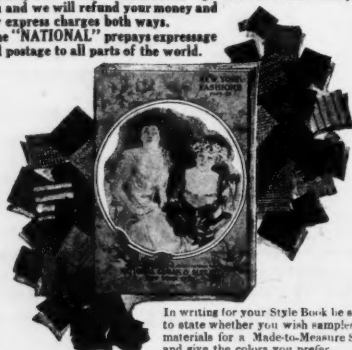
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MOTOR-TRIPS AND MOTOR-CARS

(Continued from page 582)

unslung and packed away under the back seat. When it is desired to take three only in the rear part, a most comfortable folding-armed chair is attached to the center of the front of the rear seat, leaving ample accommodation for two passengers on the latter. Tool-boxes are conveniently placed on both running foot-boards. Rear-view mirrors are placed on both sides of the vehicle, that on the left being situated on the near side front splash-guard, as is shown in the above illustration.

"The upholstery is of the most sumptuous character, the seats being deep, broad, and well raked backward. The interior of the vehicle is profusely illuminated by electric lights, so placed that all the occupants can read with ease. There are, of course, fittings galore, among them in the rear portion being a dainty clock, barometer, and thermometer. Portholes, open or closed at will, are provided in the front and sides just below the roof (which is of paneled mahogany), to afford ventilation when the windows are shut against bad weather. Three transverse roof trunks take their place upon the roof."

THE SELDEN PATENT DECISION

On Sept. 15 Judge Hough of the United States Circuit Court, in New York, rendered a decision in favor of the validity of the Selden patent. The suit was one against Henry Ford in a case which had long been celebrated in the automobile trade, the litigation having extended over several years. Wide interest has been shown in the decision. It is generally understood that the case will be tried out in higher courts—first, in the United States Court of Appeals, from which a decision might be obtained by next spring, and then in the United States Supreme Court. Should the decision be finally upheld, the next step would be to fix the amount of the damage. In any case, it is not believed that private owners of cars will be affected. But all independent car-builders could be forced to pay tribute to the Selden interests. Some of the points in the decision have been commented on in an interesting manner by a writer in *Motor Age*:

"Judge Hough takes as his big cornerstone in the evidence the question, 'Did Selden in 1879, when he filed his original patent claims, have a clear mental conception of the combination of "liquid hydro-carbon gas-engine of the compression type, a suitable running-gear and steering-gear and an intermediate clutch or disconnecting device and a suitable body," and if so, did that conception of a combination of different parts constitute invention?' This was the big question to settle, deciding definitely whether the 1879 patent was valid or not. Judge Hough has ruled in the affirmative. He reviews the entire field of invention of gas-engines at that time to prove that Selden's engine was on a par with some of the others and that there was a very clear conception among a few at the time of a gas-engine in which gases under compression were exploded within the cylinders. The report shows that the only logical conclusion regarding the gas-engine was that at that time it was a vivid conception with many, of whom George Selden was one. The next step in validi-

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fying the patent was to prove that George B. Selden had a right to be classed among those who were credited with having a clear conception of the gas-engine in 1879. This is done in a brief résumé of Selden's career, enumerating as it does his various patents and attainments.

"But the conception of the gas-engine was not enough to establish the validity of the patent. The Selden patent is not one on a new construction, but on a combination of several parts of a car. Selden did not invent anything new, he merely combined the gas-engine and the running-gear with a clutch or disconnecting device. A knowledge of the gas-engine would be essential to a conception of a combination, and having established Selden's capabilities in that respect Judge Hough quotes that 'Selden selected, adapted, modified, coordinated, and organized the enumerated parts into a harmonious whole, capable of results never before achieved and of an importance best measured by the asserted fact that after thirty years no gasoline car has been produced that does not depend for success on a selection and organization of parts identical with, or equivalent to, that made by him in 1879.' This careful selection and combining of parts, together with the conception of a gas-engine, is the real crux of the patent and establishes conclusively in the eyes of the court that Selden knew whereof he made claims.

"After 1879 followed a period of sixteen years of inactivity, for it was not until 1895 that Selden got his final patent, which covered his combination for seventeen years and which will expire in 1912. Judge Hough has outlined why nothing illegal was enacted in these sixteen intervening years to mar the validity of a patent being granted in 1895, which was originally asked for in 1879. According to evidence, during these sixteen years Selden was rewording his different patent claims, which when forwarded to the patent office may

WHEN DINNER COMES

One Ought to Have a Good Appetite.

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Many persons have found that Grape-Nuts food is not only nourishing but is a great appetizer. Even children like the taste of it and grow strong and rosy from its use.

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"I am 57 years old," writes a Tenn. grandmother, "and have had a weak stomach from childhood. By great care as to my diet I enjoyed a reasonable degree of health, but never found anything to equal Grape-Nuts as a standby.

"When I have no appetite for breakfast and just eat to keep up my strength, I take 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with good rich milk, and when dinner comes I am hungry. While if I go without any breakfast I never feel like eating dinner. Grape-Nuts for breakfast seems to make a healthy appetite for dinner.

"My little 13-months-old grandson had been very sick with stomach trouble during the past summer, and finally we put him on Grape-Nuts. Now he is growing fat and well. When asked if he wants his nurse or Grape-Nuts, he brightens up and points to the cupboard. He was no trouble to wean at all—thanks to Grape-Nuts." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



"The Eternal Fitness" of Fine Cut Glass

¶ Have you ever seen a piece of really fine cut glass which did not confer dignity upon its surroundings?

¶ Flank it with silver, china or porcelain—does it not still retain all of its own individuality; and accentuate the beauty around it?

¶ Cut glass is at home everywhere. Its good taste, its beauty and its usefulness are beyond question.

¶ It is the one field of artistic endeavor in which America is pre-eminent.

¶ It lifts out of the commonplace a score of household items on the dining table or sideboard, and

adds its quota of refinement and beauty to almost every other room in the house.

¶ The careful buyer treats his cut glass as a valuable collection—to be chosen piece by piece with the utmost care and discretion.

¶ And this sense of discretion must perforce lead the collector to prefer Libbey Cut Glass.

¶ There is nothing beyond or above Libbey—

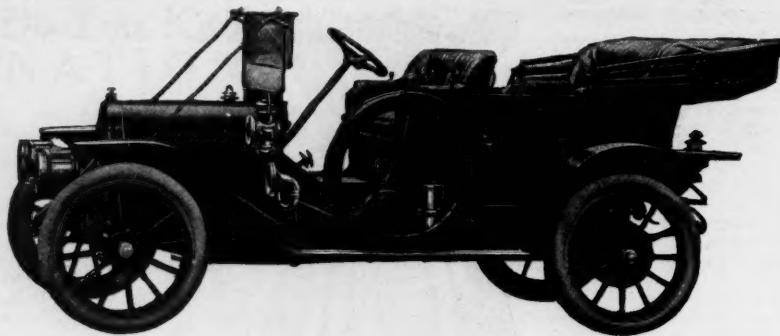
it is precisely what the familiar phrase of these announcements terms it—"the world's best."

¶ You will, of course, be sure to visit the one store in your community which sells Libbey Cut Glass.

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"He had small skill o' horse flesh
who bought a goose to ride on." Don't take
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for house cleaning.
THE PROPER THING
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=Try a cake of it, and be convinced.=



1910 Reo Four-Cylinder \$1250

Thirty horse-power—fifty miles an hour

Notice that the driver's seat and control are on the left-hand side of the car. This is the new and right way—convenient for dismounting to the sidewalk.

This car is the equal of any car built last year at \$3000—for what it will do, for appearance; and its superior for economy, endurance, and get-there-and-back ability.

An amazing thing to say and a book that undertakes to prove it, is either worth reading as an interesting fairy tale or worth \$2000 to you in real money. Get the book and see the car.



Reo four-cylinder roadster, with same motor and general specifications, at the same price, \$1250.

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have been rejected, and Selden took the limit of two years each time in which to make his amendments. In this way, due to rejection of claims by patent-examiners, year after year passed until 1895, when the final draft was accepted by the examiners and the patent was launched on its seventeen-year career. The evidence shows "that the language last quoted in the specification describes the thing which Selden conceived and pictured in 1879." This the court has taken as *prima facie* proof that nothing illegal took place during the sixteen years when Selden did not make a single vehicle, altho other persons were bringing out inventions and organizing companies and building vehicles."

THE GROWTH OF MOTOR TRAFFIC

A recent road census of Massachusetts, as taken by the Highway Commission, tho not yet completed, has disclosed the striking fact that 45 per cent. of the traffic over State roads is probably driven by motors. The data on which the conclusion is based embrace only a portion of the State, but they are believed to be fairly typical. The Commission will now proceed to secure data for the entire State. As explained by a writer in *The Automobile*, the census, taken in August of this year, was obtained at twenty-four stations where, for fourteen hours during seven days, a count was made of the vehicles that passed. All vehicles except bicycles and motor-cycles were counted. The returns are now in the hands of clerks who are computing the totals by district routes. Many difficulties in computations have arisen. In one section, only, was anything like completion obtained. This was the northeast part of the State, that is, the section lying north of Boston and east of Worcester. Here seventy-seven observers were stationed, some of whom were on the main routes of automobile traffic. While the official compilations will not be ready for some time, Secretary Fletcher of the Commission has undertaken to estimate from the returns the percentage of motor-driven traffic in this part of the State. The result is his conclusion that 45 per cent. of the traffic is motor-driven. The writer says further as to the Secretary's conclusion:

"According to Mr. Fletcher, the heaviest traveled spot on State roads in the State so far discovered is in the city of Lawrence on the State road leading to Haverhill. At this station the observer counted an average of 2,440 vehicles each day of the week of the census, and one day nearly 4,000 vehicles passed his post. The numbers ran so high that the highway commission feared an error had been made, but investigation confirmed the figures of the observer. Of the average of 2,440 vehicles a day, 820, or 33.61 per cent., were automobiles. Another very heavily-traveled place, where the ratio of motor-vehicles to horse-drawn was just about the reverse of that at Lawrence, was discovered near President Taft's summer home at Pride's Crossing, North Shore. On the Shore Road the observer counted an average of 1,611

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vehicles a day, the automobiles averaging 976, or 60.58 per cent. of the total. At Weston Center, on one of the main routes to Worcester, the average number of vehicles was 990, and 38.59 per cent. were automobiles."

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY ABROAD AND AT HOME

R. D. Chapin, general manager of one of the large Detroit automobile companies, recently gave to a reporter of the New York Times a statement as to the condition of the auto trade in Europe. The panic of 1907 in this country was seriously reflected in the business of European makers, which is only just now recovering, the makers of well-known European cars being all busy. Mr. Chapin visited factories in every country where cars are made and everywhere discovered that the demand for cars in Europe is much more limited than it is here. When he gave out figures as to the number of cars made by American manufacturers he found it hard to convince his hearers: such tremendous numbers seemed to them incredible. While most Americans in moderate circumstances aspire to own cars, or actually do own them, sales in Europe "are confined to the wealthier classes."

The large production in this country has a notable influence on the price of American cars as compared with foreign, inasmuch as it enables the maker to spread the "overhead expenses" of factories over a large production. In this way the actual overhead charge per car becomes much smaller than it is in Europe. This condition becomes most in evidence in the case of light cars sold at a moderate price. Our factories make of these cars thousands

CHILDREN SHOWED IT

Effect of Their Warm Drink in the Morning.

"A year ago I was a wreck from coffee-drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the school room because of nervousness.

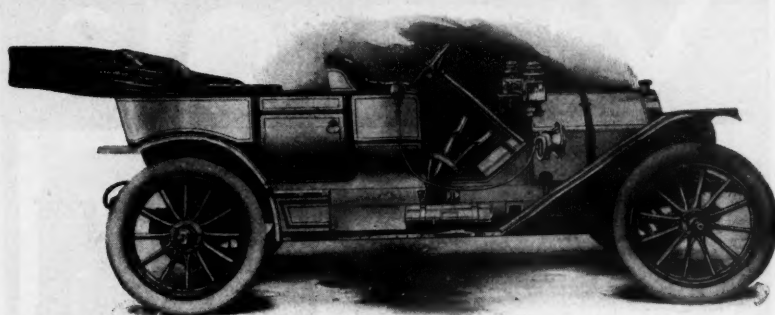
"I was telling a friend about it and she said, 'We drink nothing at meal time but Postum, and it is such a comfort to have something we can enjoy drinking with the children.'

"I was astonished that she would allow the children to drink any kind of coffee, but she said Postum was the most healthful drink in the world for children as well as for older ones, and that the condition of both the children and adults showed that to be a fact.

"My first trial was a failure. The cook boiled it four or five minutes and it tasted so flat that I was in despair but determined to give it one more trial. This time we followed the directions and boiled it fifteen minutes after the boiling began. It was a decided success and I was completely won by its rich delicious flavor. In a short time I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and kept growing better and better month after month, until now I am perfectly healthy, and do my work in the school room with ease and pleasure. I would not return to the nerve-destroying regular coffee for any money."

Read the famous little "Health Classic," "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



A Remarkable Car for \$2,000

FOR the first time the automobile market offers you a car of established reputation at a price so near the price of cheap, untried cars, that you cannot afford to "economize"—you cannot afford to buy a car you will want to trade off in another year for a more satisfactory car.

Real economy—and perfect automobile satisfaction, for either the man who has never had a car or the man who has had many—is found in this big 1910 sensation—the new Haynes Model 19 for \$2,000. No other automobile with reputation and character approaching this new Haynes Model has ever been sold at under \$3,000.

It is the first time the manufacturer of an acknowledged standard automobile has ever offered the public a thoroughly high-class car at anywhere near the price asked for cars that are more or less of an experiment and that are made to sell in big quantities.

This new Haynes is for the man who is through experimenting (or who wants to avoid it) and who is

ready to pay a moderate price for a car of proven quality.

It is built for the hundreds of conservative, long-headed buyers who want a car that they know will give perfect satisfaction—that will be an

economical car to run—a simple car to handle—a car built to stand up under the usage that breaks down the cheap car—and a car that can be used with pride in the company of the highest priced automobiles.

Whether you buy this car or not, you owe to yourself to investigate it.

A Haynes at \$2,000 is certainly too good a proposition to ignore if you are on the market for any kind of a car.

Mail coupon below and we will send booklet giving full details of this superb car, and will advise you where you can secure a demonstration.

Haynes Automobile Co.,
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Please forward literature concerning your Model 19 and advise where I can have a demonstration should I desire it.

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fection ever
reached in
any musi-



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Music made loud or soft by opening or closing the
small doors. Contains albums for 150 records and
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cal instrument. Second only in
importance to the invention of
the Victor itself.

The sounding-board construction
within the instrument (an
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feature) reflects and amplifies
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are as famous for the simple,
old-fashioned farm method by which
they are made as for their incomparable
deliciousness.

I want to send you a little book telling about these sausages
and how they came to be made—and why I have avoided
modern manufacturing methods, sticking to the old-fashioned farm
recipe which I have used for over forty years.

If your grocer cannot supply you, send
me his name, and I will send you my

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Money back if not satisfied. Write to-day

Besides my sausages, the Jones Dairy Farm
book tells about the other things I produce here—
hams, bacon, etc., and how to cook them fit for
kings and clean-living, health-loving American
citizens. Ask for it and I'll send it. Ask for
it to-day.

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where European factories make hundreds.
Other points in the interview with Mr.
Chapin are as follows:

"Few new types of cars are being pro-
duced. Standardization seems to be ap-
proaching. The six-cylinder motor does
not create as much interest as it did two
years ago, and the most prominent man-
ufacturer of six-cylinder cars over there
is to-day producing probably from two to
three times as many four-cylinder chassis
as he is of six-cylinder.

"I was much impressed with the great
variety of makes in which the four cylin-
ders were cast together. Almost all of
the small cars of the prominent makers
have their cylinders made in this way.
I anticipate that the American designers
will use this construction more and more
every year.

"European manufacturers and mer-
chants are more progressive than those in
America in the adoption of the com-
mercial car. I should say that over 25
per cent. of all the motor-cars in England
and France are used for commercial
purposes. Motor-omnibuses are seen
everywhere in the larger cities. Motor-
trucks are rapidly replacing horse-drawn
trucks there, and the quick transportation
of goods locally seems to be a solved
problem.

"In the matter of design I must say
that to my mind the American manu-
facturer of to-day has little to learn from
abroad. Our progress in America in the
last three years has been so rapid that we
are not only able to obtain and to use to-
day as fine materials as the foreigner, but
our tremendous volume of business per-
mits us to build each car at a less cost.
Most foreign cars are finely made, but I am
glad to say that by now this same great
volume of business permits our American
makers to more than equal the quality,
price for price, of anything that is to be
had on the other side. I really believe
that American cars are better for road
conditions in America, because designs are
primarily made to suit the conditions here."

WORKERS FOR GOOD ROADS

In Cleveland late in September was
held the second annual convention of men
interested in good roads. Those in at-
tendance comprized members, on the one
hand, of the American Automobile As-
sociation, and on the other of the National
Grange. There were in addition accredited
delegates from forty-two States, besides
representatives of many of the larger motor
clubs throughout the country. The direc-
tor of the Public Roads office of the Federal
Government was also present. The gen-
eral drift of the discussion pertained to
the need of rousing interest in good roads
in States which do not now appropriate
public funds for the construction, main-
tenance, and improvement of highways.

Chairman George C. Diehl in his opening
address declared that the ideal after which
the organization aimed was "to have
properly constructed and developed county
and State systems of roads throughout
this entire country." In order to ac-
complish this, there is need of comprehen-
sive laws, liberal appropriations, and eco-
nomic expenditures. In order to bring these
things about, public sentiment must be
more and more aroused. One of the other
addresses which has been commented upon
as notable was made by George S. Ladd,
who is a special lecturer on good roads
employed by the National Grange. Among
other things he said:

"The situation may be thus summed

up: On the one hand the farmer is seeking the cities for a market and on the other hand the manufacturer; the merchant is looking toward the hills and plains for pleasure, health, and a place of summer residence. The motor-car has proved a mighty factor in bringing these two extremes together; while a broad, well-defined system of trunk lines of improved roads is the common ground on which they meet and cooperate. With these conditions prevailing and with this line of united effort on the part of all concerned it is not surprising that even in New England we have at present 2,000 miles of State highways.

"The idea of trunk-line construction originated with the highway commission of Massachusetts. From the very beginning State-highway building in Massachusetts was directed toward the construction of two main thoroughfares across the State from east to west, one at the north and one at the south, with connecting cross-lines at such points as the topography of the country and the demands of public convenience might indicate.

"There is in New England no animosity on the part of the farmers toward the driver of the motor-car who uses the road decently and legitimately, recognizing the fact that other people have equal rights with himself.

"With the trunk-line system recognized everywhere throughout the country as the proper aim of good-roads legislation, the next logical step will be the adoption of a great Federal policy of aiding the States in the construction of connecting main lines. Many of the States in which such highways are most urgently needed have not the means to construct a system of roads connecting with the roads of the more wealthy and prosperous States. Here, then, is the proper field for Federal appropriation to be expended under the supervision of a national highway-engineering service, or other similar organization working in cooperation with the various States.

MOTOR BUSINESS WAGONS

Signs are apparent, in many periodicals devoted to motoring, that the motor business wagon will become ere long an important branch of the automobile business. It is recognized at the outset that, in the production of this kind of vehicle, conditions very different from those which surround the pleasure car must be met. For example, speed is considered desirable in the pleasure car, but it is not in the business wagon. Nor has the question of economy of maintenance—that is, strict business management—been for the pleasure motor a matter of prime importance to the average owner, whereas the same man, owning motor business wagons, will consider this question with rigid severity. The upkeep, wear on tires, and mileage per gallon of gasoline seldom enter largely into the mind of the man who spends from one to six thousand dollars for a car in which to ride for pleasure. But these points are all considered by the business man who contemplates having motor business wagons, and to his sense of the importance of these questions makers are directly addressing themselves. Harold W. Slauson, a writer in *Motor*, discussing this point of difference, says:

"The pleasure car, being built for pleasure, nothing more can be expected from it, and any money spent which will increase the speed or luxury of the equipage is considered a good investment. The



Gillette Safety Razor

NO matter how skillful a man may be with an ordinary razor he will occasionally nick his face—and there is always the danger of a *bad cut*.

The Gillette is safe. On some mornings a man is nervous or in a hurry and there are times when "his fingers are all thumbs"—then there's special comfort in the Gillette. It requires no stopping or honing. He can shave quickly—clean up all the corners without a cut or scratch.

The time to buy a Gillette is now.

It pays for itself in three months and it lasts a lifetime.

The Gillette, illustrated herewith, is so compact that it can be carried in the pocket or slipped in the side of a traveling bag. It comes in gold, silver or gun metal—with handle and blade box to match. *The blades are fine.*

Prices, \$5.00 to \$7.50. For sale everywhere.

You should know Gillette Shaving Brush—bristles gripped in hard rubber; and Gillette Shaving Stick—a soap worthy of the Gillette Safety Razor.

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The La Reclama "PANOLA" is a new cigar

but hundreds of our customers have already ordered and re-ordered several boxes. It is a handmade cigar of the popular panetella shape, 4 1/2 inches long. Its wrapper is of selected imported Sumatra covering a clean, long filler body of rich mellow, tasty Havana. It draws freely and burns evenly with a firm, steel gray ash which denotes quality.

Our 45¢ price is the logical result of our selling from factory to smoker direct. The 50¢ you save, is the Jobbers', Drummers' and Retailers' profits and expenses. We know the "PANOLA" will gain you as a permanent smoker.



We are so confident that you will like the "PANOLA," that we want to send you fifty (50) expressage prepaid on FREE TRIAL.

Smoke five or six of them—cut one open to prove its long filler. Havana and excellent workmanship. If you like them, send us \$2.35 within ten days. Should they not prove satisfactory in every respect—return the remaining cigars to us expressage collect—there will be no charge for cigars used in testing. Write us a request for a trial box today on your business letterhead. Mention if you prefer them mild, medium or strong.

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10¢ CIGAR 4 1/2

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First advertisement appeared in Literary Digest May 15, sold 514 besides starting 15 lawyers, 19 preachers and 100 others as agents; **Making \$45.00 to \$90.00 Weekly.**

Cost \$15,000 to perfect. Thousands and thousands made and destroyed in experimental work. But it's right now. **SHAVING MEN DELIGHTED;** buy eagerly. **Recommended by bankers, merchants, railroad men.** Every man a customer, no matter what his position is in life. No agent so far has made less than \$25.00 a week, others as high as \$102.50 a week. Trimbal, Ohio, sold 148 in two weeks. Jamison, Penn., made \$72.00 first seven days. M. Quinn, Mich., cleared \$25.00 in three days. You may become a leader; may pass the present top notcher. **Anyway send a postal. Write today. Every man can be a Successful Salesman.** Read our offer to agents. **return to you the best and most liberal proposition you ever had made to you.**

Read these strong letters from men who have already bought of agents. B. Brown, Atlanta Mercantile Co., Atlanta, says: "Please accept my many thanks for 'gropper.'" Karl Kalbe, Heyden Chemical Works, New York, N. Y., says: "It is a pleasure to shave with the Never Fail Stropper." W. E. Lawson, Fruit and Produce Merchant, Provo, Utah, says: "I won't take \$50.00 for it." And W. A. Mayo, Treasurer Case Co., N. D., "The Never Fail is the best ever; am now getting a clean, easy shave, before I only got a scrape," etc. Agents say the Never Fail is the easiest article ever sold and the same territory can be worked over and over again, for after one trial each customer passes it to his neighbor.

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THE NEVER FAIL COMPANY, YY NICHOLAS BLDG., TOLEDO, OHIO

commercial vehicle, on the other hand, is a business proposition from the ground up, and not until the intending purchaser can become convinced that it will save him money, either by doing an equal amount of work at less cost, or by performing more at the same expenditure as previously, will he become an ardent advocate of its use. If he is far-seeing enough to become so convinced, he may install one or two for a trial, but rest assured that at the end of the month he will know within a penny of just how much those cars have cost him, and in the mean time, probably, his chauffeur will have been joy-riding in his touring-car to the tune of fifty or sixty dollars for supplies and repairs."

Mr. Slauson says that it has thus far been possible usually to present a statement as to upkeep and running-expenses that will give "a decided balance" in favor of the motor truck, or the delivery wagon, when compared with the horse-drawn vehicle. At the same time, so many conditions enter into the problem that it has sometimes happened that a business house, which has employed motor-wagons for a considerable time, has given them up and returned to the horse-drawn wagon. He is convinced, however, that in such cases something radically wrong has existed. He explains as follows a case in point:

"The proprietors of a large retail store in one of the cities of the middle West decided, after a forcible and convincing demonstration, to install a motor-car delivery service consisting of a dozen one-ton wagons—and to dispense entirely with the horse-drawn vehicles. The system started out auspiciously, but soon it became evident that there was trouble somewhere, and that the twelve motor-vehicles, while doing no more work than the twenty wagons used previously, were costing as much, if not more, to maintain. The showing of this service was exhibited to the agent of the cars which were doing this work, and he immediately started an investigation. He soon discovered that entire charge of the delivery department was in the hands of one man who had been with the firm for years, and who was known as the delivery superintendent. The agent started to ride around with the various drivers as they made their deliveries, and he was not long in discovering the "leak."

"He found that the delivery districts, instead of being properly grouped, had been so arranged that one wagon must make a trip to the suburbs in order to deliver four or five parcels, that another covered the territory of a few blocks within a stone's throw of the store, which should have been cared for by one or two boys on foot, and that every wagon was so routed, in fact, that it was impossible to obtain more than 50 per cent. of the service which should have been expected from it. This inefficient routing had been so cleverly done, however, that it would appear to those who had not made a close study of the system that each vehicle was taxed to its utmost capacity, both so far as load and distance to be traveled were concerned, and that the fault lay with the cost of upkeep of the cars themselves and had nothing whatever to do with malicious mismanagement of the division of the delivery districts. It was discovered that this mismanagement was nothing less than malicious, however, for the delivery superintendent had long been accustomed to a fat rake-off."

TOURS IN ITALY

More than one book, giving an account of motor-trips through Italy, have already

been issued. These volumes, however, have dealt with things to be seen at the roadside rather than with the conditions which one meets as to roads, traffic rules, etc. Cortlandt Field Bishop, who for many years has toured through European countries, recently contributed to the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* an article of much practical interest to those who hereafter may wish to tour in Italy. He says that roads generally in Italy are much better now than they were a few years ago. They are constantly being improved not only as to surface but as to gradients. Around Milan, Turin, and Naples this improvement has been notable.

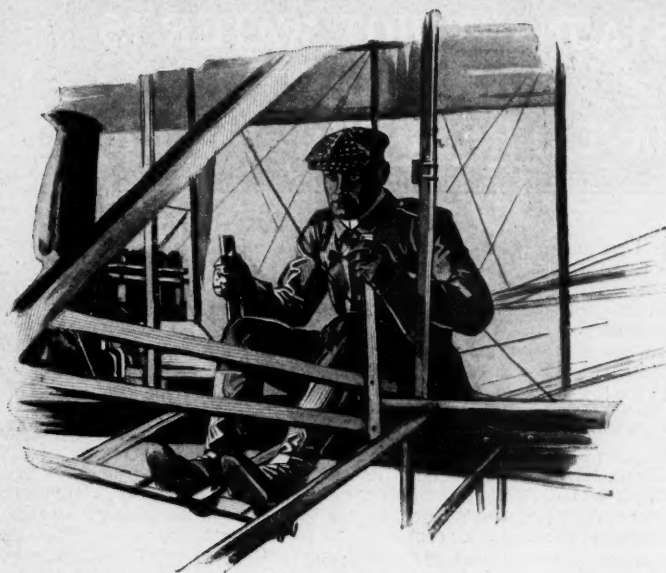
The favorite route by which to enter Italy is the Simplon, which was the first carriage-road built over the Alps in modern times. It was the work of Napoleon and an outcome of his difficulties in crossing the Great St. Bernard. It is only during the past four years that motor-cars have been allowed to pass over it. The traffic now is very large. Last season in four months five hundred and fifty cars entered Italy by this road. The tourist may enter the pass as late as five o'clock in the afternoon, the time allowed for crossing being four hours.

Once in Italy, the tourist will find at his disposal "a better and more complete series of road-maps and road-information than in any other country in Europe. Maps designed solely for the use of motorists are to be had. On these maps main roads are marked out in bold red lines with the distance between principal points plainly given. Main thoroughfares in cities are also shown. As to the rule of the roads in Italy, Mr. Bishop says:

"The rule of the road in Italy is rather a troublesome question to automobilists, owing to its lack of uniformity. This is a relic of the time when Italy was divided into a number of independent states. Before the advent of the automobile, when traffic was only local, this absence of uniform regulations was not of much consequence. But when automobiles began to tour through the country they quickly discovered its inconvenience. It was frequently impossible to know when one passed from one former political division into another, and, consequently, whether to continue to keep to the right of the road or to change over to the left or vice versa.

"This uncertainty partially disappeared a few years ago with the passing, largely through the efforts of the Touring Club of Italy, of a law requiring all traffic to keep to the right, as in France and America. At the same time a kind of local option in the matter was granted to cities of a certain size. It was stipulated, however, that where the general rule of the road was not in force that fact should be plainly indicated at all the octroi stations. Rome, Milan, and Genoa took advantage of the option, and within the limits of these cities vehicles must keep to the left and pass each other on the right.

"Altho the rules of the road have thus been simplified in Italy, it is still necessary to use caution, especially in the neighborhood of large cities. The peasants are gradually getting accustomed to automobiles, but the country people, in their high, narrow, two-wheeled carts, have not lost the habit of sleeping on the road, and if they awaken at the sound of a horn are just as liable to pull to the left as to the right."



The Howard Watch

AEROPLANE flying imposes unforeseen and trying conditions on a watch.

The Wright Brothers, at Le Mans, France, had most unsatisfactory experiences with all the watches they tried. They came back from Europe determined to buy HOWARDS.

The aeroplane vibrates with the throbbing of the engine. It tilts at all angles. Often it lands with a jolt that would ruin the balance wheel of many a watch.

Orville Wright adopted the HOWARD for his record flights before

the U. S. Government, at Fort Myer.

The HOWARD upheld its sixty-seven years' reputation as a practical timepiece. Its special hard-tempered balance beat true—even in the shock of a landing that threw the watch to the ground. The HOWARD adjustment proved itself *permanent*.

There can now be no question that the HOWARD is the watch for the aviator.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD Watch, from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at \$35.00; to the 23-jewel in a 14K. solid gold case at \$150.00—is fixed at the factory, and a printed price ticket attached.

Drop us a postal card, Dept. O, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

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you forget
they're there
Be sure you
get this box

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A. STEIN & CO., 101 Center Ave., Chicago, Ill.

NO METAL
CAN TOUCH YOU

Tailored to fit the leg

25 and 50¢

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STAGNANT HOT WATER IS UNSANITARY ! HAVE FRESH HOT WATER

FROM a sanitary point of view, *stagnant hot water* must be classed with *stagnant air*.

Science recognizes the latter as the extreme of unhealthfulness. So with the former; it is unclean, unhealthful, by no means sanitary.

You yourself can *prove it* right in your own home, if you have the old-fashioned kitchen range tank for heating water.

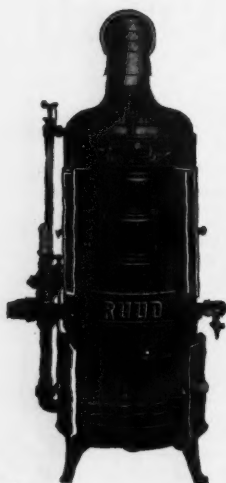
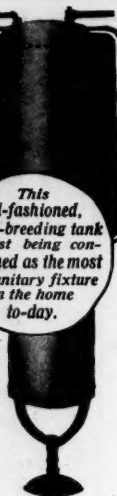
Open the lower faucet—the one the servant uses for "cleaning" the tank. Isn't it conclusive that such a system must be *fundamentally wrong* when a stream of muddy, rusty, often foul-smelling water gushes forth?

Only a microscopical examination would show the quantity of germs and bacteria existing in such water. Its temperature, being above the normal, yet seldom rising to the boiling point, conduces to speedy germ propagation.

You recognize the unwholesomeness—the staleness and uncleanness—of such water by instinctively avoiding it for cooking.

Such a system *IS* fundamentally wrong; the only system that is fundamentally *right* is that which furnishes fresh, clean, *sanitary* hot water—such as is provided by the

This old-fashioned, germ-breeding tank is fast being condemned as the most unsanitary fixture in the home to-day.



RUUD Automatic Gas Water Heater

This is primarily an instantaneous system—that is the basis of its merit. The Ruud receives water direct from the water main and, *without interrupting its flow for an instant*, heats it as it runs and sends it rushing to all parts of the house.

The heater stands in an out-of-the-way spot in the basement. It connects with pipes already there, and once installed it requires no thought, no attention, no watching, no adjusting.

You forget it—yet it never fails. Day or night—any hour of the twenty-four—you turn on a faucet *anywhere in the house*, and you have an abundant, endless flow of hot water that's fresh enough for any use.

You don't light anything—the Ruud operates automatically when the faucet is opened; it ceases the moment the faucet is closed, and you don't pay for heating water you do not use.

No household can appreciate true hot-water comfort without the Ruud System. Its presence is a real luxury—yet it can hardly be called expensive.

Write for interesting descriptive matter.

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It really makes no difference which. We don't know what to do with the Pole now that we've got it—if we really have—but—

ONE DISCOVERY IS CERTAIN

and that is the marvelous property of Cement Concrete as building material.

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can be used for anything—from smallest farm buildings to superb mansions.

There's a lot you'd like to know of this wonderful material.



We'd like to tell you about it too. So we've gotten out a little book and we send it free if you ask for it. Also the services of our expert consulting engineer are yours gratis.

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100 FOR 15 CENTS

Send 15 cents to the Niagara Clip Co., New York, and you will receive a sample box of the celebrated & indispensable

THE NIAGARA CLIPS

While you plan before you plant

let us know your problem and submit our

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Practical, economical landscape service, based on thirty years' experience on fine large and small estates, public parks, etc. **Detail planting list and exact cost given with each plan.**

Our booklet, "Beautifying Home Surroundings," will be sent free, prepaid, on request. Tells most practical way to plant for immediate effect; illustrates and describes the best methods of handling the very problems that confront you.

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OVETT LANDSCAPE SERVICE

J. T. Lovett, Box 130, Little Silver, N. J.

CURRENT POETRY

The verse of Miss Florence Wilkinson is characterized by an attractive sincerity and her lines are always welded together by the white heat of a poetic idea. Miss Wilkinson has managed the music and the harmonies of the following stanzas in *Harper's Magazine* so skilfully that the reader scarcely notices the absence of rime.

The Shipwrecked Sailor

By FLORENCE WILKINSON

He floated, body and soul in coma plunged,
Fixt certitude of death possessing him,
As one who perishes deliriously
Hugged in a transport to the downy breast
Of snows immitigable. Yet he smiled,
Abandoning hope and drowning unaware,
Till a great sea-bird, tern or ptarmigan,
Caught by the whiteness of his lonely face,
Swooped low exultantly; huge swish of wings
Measuring his body, as he struck him once,
Thud of the ribbed beak, like a call to arms
Stirring the wounded soldier, called him back
From the luxurious edge of deadly sleep.
He waked. He strove. He swam. He saw the shore.

In the current number of *The Atlantic Monthly* we find the following Rossetti-like contribution by Edith M. Thomas. It is a beautiful and delicate bit of lyric tracery.

Thought-Drift

By EDITH M. THOMAS

Dim hour by hour through autumn's wane
The silkworm lets her plumes adrift;
They rove—they sink—and yet again
Upon the wavering breeze they lift.

No count is made of where they roam;
They are not found, they are not lost,—
Soft wanderers without a home,
Yet scathless to the sworded frost.

Not otherwise dim hour by hour
I shed white thoughts into the wind,—
Sole drift of my life's vanished flower:
They are not lost—yet none may find.

MR. WILLIAM WINTER, it would seem, has been rather peremptorily shelved by his publishers, who have announced and issued the "complete and final" edition of his poems! ("The Poems of William Winter"; Moffat, Yard & Company). As we look through these pages we find one vein predominates—the sentimental. These are distinctly poems of mood, and reveal a tendency on the part of the author to "publish his wistfulness abroad." Tennyson directed that "Crossing the Bar" should appear as the last poem in all the editions of his works. Mr. Winter follows a similar plan and "The Rubicon," which we quote below, brings this interesting volume of verse to a close.

The Rubicon

By WILLIAM WINTER

I.

One other bitter drop to drink
And then—no more!
One little pause upon the brink,
And then—go o'er!
One sigh—and then the lib'rant morn
Of perfect day,
When my free spirit, newly born,
Will soar away!

II.

One pang—and I shall rend the thrall
Where grief abides,

And generous Death will show me all
That now he hides;
And, lucid in that second birth,
I shall discern
What all the sages of the earth
Have died to learn.

III.

One motion—and the stream is crost,
So dark, so deep!
And I shall triumph or be lost
In endless sleep.
Then, onward! Whatsoe'er my fate,
I shall not care!
Nor Sin nor Sorrow, Love nor Hate
Can touch me there.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

"SEEING THE HUDSON" IN 1609

PERHAPS Giovanni da Verrazano did discover the mouth of the Hudson before the coming of the *Half Moon*, but no one can dispute the fact that the first sight-seeing trip up the river was made by Henry Hudson and his crew in September, 1609. One of the officers, Robert Juet, noted carefully each day's happenings, describing the wooded shores, telling of encounters with the copper-colored natives, and giving us what is really an unofficial log of the voyage. From this story of "The Third Voyage of Master Henry Hudson," first published in "Purchas his Pilgrimes," we select the following passages relating incidents of the journey up the river and the return to the green isle of "Manna-hata":

So we turned into the River two leagues and anchored. This morning at our first rode in the River, there came eight and twentie Canoes full of men, women and children to betray us: but we saw their intent, and suffered none of them to come aboard of us. At twelve of the clocke they departed. They brought with them Oysters and Beanes, whereof wee bought some. They have great Tabacco pipes of yellow Copper, and Pots of Earth to dresse their meate in. It floweth South-east by South within. . . .

The eighteenth, in the morning was faire weather, and we rode still. In the after-noon our Masters Mate went on land with an old Savage, a Governour of the Countrey; who carried him to his house, and made him good cheere. The nineteenth, was faire and hot weather: at the floud, being neere eleven of the clocke, wee weighed, and ran higher up two leagues above the shoals, and had no lesse water then five fathomes; wee anchored, and rode in eight fathomes. The people of the Countrey came flocking aboard, and brought us Grapes and Pompions, which wee bought for trifles. And many brought us Bevers skinned, and Otters skinned, which wee bought for Beades, Knives, and Hatchets. So we rode there all night.

The twentieth, in the morning was faire weather. Our Masters Mate with foure men more went up with our Boat to sound the River, and found two leagues above us but two fathomes water, and the channell very narrow; and above that place, seven or eight fathomes. Toward night they returned: and we rode

Pears'

Cleanliness is a necessity
that knows a law—Pears'
Soap.

Pears' is both a law and
a necessity for toilet and
bath.

Sold everywhere.

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One Blade Shaved



Mr. Maxim 151 Times

MR. HIRAM PERCY MAXIM

Inventor of the famous Maxim Silencer, etc., and eminent mechanical engineer, says: "I have shaved with one AutoStrop blade one hundred and fifty-one consecutive shaves, and consider that the AutoStrop is the only safety razor which is mechanically perfect and practical."

More about prominent AutoStroppers in next advertisements.

A BLADE A YEAR.—You may know someone who expertly strops an old style razor and thinks nothing of getting 151 shaves without honing. Expert stropping keeps renewing the edge.

THE WHOLE AUTOSTROP IDEA.—The AutoStrop Safety Razor blade is simply the same edge that an old-fashioned blade has, only it is constructed ingeniously so that a novice can strop it as expertly as a head barber, and so that a novice can shave with it as expertly as the head barber, and can't cut himself. That is all you want a razor to do, is it not?

TO GET HEAD BARBER SHAVES—simply slip strop through the AutoStrop Razor (without removing

blade or taking apart) and move Razor to and fro. Blade falls automatically on strop at *exactly* the right angle and right pressure, thus stropping itself expertly. No trouble. No time lost. Result? Delicious edge quick! No blade trouble. A wipe and it's clean and dry. Nothing to unscrew and screw up again.

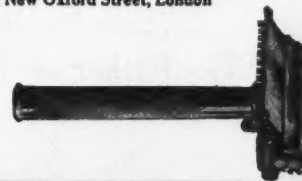
Complete set consists of heavily silver-plated holder, 12 blades and fine horse-hide strop, in small, handsome leather case, size only 2 x 4 in. Price \$5.00, which is probably the total cost of your shaving for years.

GET ONE AND TRY IT FREE for thirty days. If you don't like it, get your \$5.00 refunded. If your retailer doesn't sell the AutoStrop on thirty days' free trial, we will. Every buyer must be satisfied with the AutoStrop or have his money back.

A BOOK YOU WANT.—It's a quick, speedy, witty, instructive, interesting conversation, entitled: "An Interview With the Greatest Razor Expert."

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FRESH soap with every shave. No soap that touches brush or skin is used again. No rubbing soap on face, no making lather in cup.

The cleanest and quickest way of making a lather as lasting and delightful as that made by our famous shaving stick. Proved antiseptic and germicidal by chemists' analyses.

Trial Box Sent for 4 Cents.

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still all night. The one and twentieth, was faire weather, and the wind all Southerly; we determined yet once more to goe farther up into the River, to trie what depth and breadth it did beare; but much people resorted aboard, so wee went not this day. Our Carpenter went on land, and made a fore-yard. And our Master and his Mate determined to trie some of the chiefe men of the Country, whether they had any treacherie in them. So they tooke them downe into the Cabbin, and gave them so much Wine and *Aqua vita*, that they were all merrie: and one of them had his wife with him, which sate so modestly, as any of our country women would doe in a strange place. In the end one of them was drunke, which had bene aboard of our ship all the time that we had bene there: and that was strange to them; for they could not tell how to take it. The Canoes and folke went all on shoare; but some of them came againe, and brought stropes of Beades: some had sixe, seven, eight, nine, ten; and gave him. So he slept all night quietly.

The two and twentieth, was faire weather: in the morning our Masters Mate and four more of the companie went up with out Boat to sound the River higher up. The people of the Country came not aboard till noone: but when they came, and saw the Savages well, they were glad. So at three of the clocke in the after-noon they came aboard, and brought Tabacco, and more Beades, and gave them to our Master, and made an Oration, and shewed him all the Country round about. Then they sent one of their companie on land, who presently returned, and brought a great Platter full of Venison dressed by themselves; and they caused him to eat with them: then they made him reverence, and departed all save the old man that lay aboard. This night at ten of the clocke, our Boat returned in a showre of raine from sounding of the River; and found it to bee at an end for shipping to goe in. For they had bene up eight or nine leagues, and found but seven foot water, and unconstant soundings.

The five and twentieth was faire weather, and the wind at South a stiffe gale. We rode still, and went on Land to walke on the West side of the River, and found good ground for Corne and other Garden herbs, with great store of goodly Oakes, and Wal-nut trees and Chest-nut trees, Ewe trees, and trees of sweet wood in great abundance, and great store of Slate for houses, and other good stones.

The sixe and twentieth was faire weather, and the wind at South a stiffe gale, wee rode still. In the morning our Carpenter went on Land, with our Masters Mate, and four more of our companie, to cut wood. This morning, two Canoes came up the River from the place where we first found loving people, and in one of them was the old man that had lyen aboard of us at the other place. He brought another old man with him, which brought more stropes of Beades, and gave them to our Master, and shewed him all the Country there about, as though it were at his command. So he made the two old men dine with him, and the old mans wife; for they brought two old women, and two young maidens of the age of sixteen or seventeen yeeres with them, who behaved themselves very modestly. Our Master gave one of the old men a Knife, and they gave him and us Tabacco. And at one of the clocke they departed downe the River, making signes that wee should come downe to them; for wee were within two leagues of the place where they dwelt.

The seven and twentieth, in the morning was faire weather, but much wind at the north, we weighed and set our fore topsayle, and our ship would not flat, but ran on the Ozie banke at halfe ebbe. Wee layed out anchor to heave her off, but could not. So wee sate from halfe ebbe to halfe floud: then wee set our fore-sayle and mayne top-sayle, and got downe sixe leagues. The old man came aboard, and would have had us anchor, and goe on Land to eat with him: but the wind being faire, we would not yeeld to his request; So hee left us, being very sorrowfull for our departure. At five of the clocke in the after-noon, the wind came to the South South-west. So wee made a boord or two, and anchored in fourteen fathomes water. Then our Boat went on shoare to fish right against the ship. Our Masters Mate and Boat-swaine, and three more of the companie went on land to fish, but could not finde a good place. They tooke foure or five and twentie Mulletts, Breames, Bases, and Barbils; and returned in an hour. We rode still all night.

The thirtieth was faire weather, and the wind at

"The Salvation of Our Trees"

Lecture by John Davey

"The Father of Tree Surgery"

John Davey, the world's greatest tree expert, who gave to mankind the wonderful profession of tree surgery, is rounding out his useful life by the delivery of an illustrated lecture, "The Salvation of Our Trees," that arouses each community in which it is heard to the needs of its trees. Knowledge of trees, founded on abiding love for them, enables Mr. Davey to speak with convincing force.

This lecture, using over 150 beautiful lantern slides, illustrates *real trees*, portraying every phase of tree life—perfect and imperfect trees; sick and wounded trees; neglected and "butchered" trees; improperly treated trees, and trees that have been saved by the science of tree surgery, properly applied.

Mr. Davey describes with powerful effect the wonders of tree life, from an entirely new standpoint. His words are the expression of a life experience, and appeal to the best emotions of his hearers—for a deeper appreciation of the significance of trees and a tenderer regard for their welfare.

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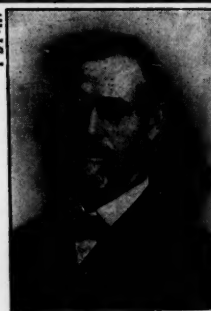
Fall and winter engagements for Mr. Davey are rapidly being completed. Special rates will be made to Park Commissions, Civic Improvement Societies, Boards of Trade, Schools and Colleges, Women's Clubs and Chautauques. Those interested should write promptly, for open dates, booklets and full information.

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JOHN DAVEY
Father of Tree Surgery

South-east a stiffe gale betweene the Mountaynes. We rode still the after-noon. The people of the Countrey came aboard us, and brought some small skinnies with them, which we bought for Knives and Trifles. This is a very pleasant place to build a towne on. The Road is very neere, and very good for all winds, save an East North-east wind. The Mountaynes looke as if some Metall or Mineral were in them. For the Trees that grow on them were all blasted, and some of them barren with few or no Trees on them. The people brought a stone aboard like to Emery (a stone used by Glasiers to cut Glasse) it would cut Iron or Steele; yet being bruised small, and water put to it, it made a colour like blacke Lead glistening; it is also good for Painters Colours. At three of the clocke they departed, and we rode still all night.

The first of October, faire weather, the wind variable betweene the West and the North. In the morning we weighed at seven of the clocke with the ebbe, and got downe below the Mountaynes, which was seven leagues. Then it fell calme and the floud was come, and wee anchored at twelve of the clocke. The people of the Mountaynes came aboard us, wondering at our ship and weapons. We bought some small skinnies of them for Trifles. This after-noon, one Canoe kept hanging under our sterne with one man in it, which we could not keepe from thence, who got up by our Rudder to the Cabin window, and stole out my Pillow, and two Shirts, and two Bandleerers. Our Masters Mate shot at him, and strooke him on the brest, and killed him. Whereupon all the rest fled away, some in their Canoes, and so leapt out of them into the water. We manned our Boat, and got our things againe. Then one of them that swamme got hold of our Boat, thinking to overthrow it. But our Cooke took a Sword, and cut off one of his hands, and he was drowned. By this time the ebbe was come, and we weighed and got downe two leagues, by that time it was darke. So we anchored in foure fathomes water, and rode well.

The second, faire weather. At breake of day wee weighed, the wind being at North-west, and got downe seven leagues; then the floud was come strong, so we anchored. Then came one of the Savages that swamme away from us at our going up the River with many other, thinking to betray us. But wee perceived their intent, and suffered none of them to enter our ship. Whereupon two Canoes full of men, with their Bowes and Arrowes shot at us after our sterne: in recompence whereof we discharged sixe Muskets, and killed two or three of them. Then above an hundred of them came to a point of Land to shoot at us. There I shot a Falcon at them, and killed two of them; whereupon the rest fled into the Woods. Yet they manned off another Canoe with nine or ten men, which came to meet us. So I shot at it also a Falcon, and shot it through, and killed one of them. Then our men with their Muskets killed three or foure more of them. So they went their way, within a while after wee got downe two leagues beyond that place, and anchored in a Bay, cleere from all danger of them on the other side of the River, where we saw a very good piece of ground: and hard by it there was a Cliffe, that looked of the colour of a white greene, as though it were either Copper, or Silver myne: and I thinke it to be one of them, by the Trees that grow upon it. For they be all burned, and the other places are green as grasse, it is on that side of the River that is called Manna-hata. There we saw no people to trouble us: and rode quietly all night; but had much wind and raine.

TOLSTOY IN THE TWILIGHT

AMONG the warmest admirers of the late Henry George and his Single-tax theory is Count Tolstoy. When, therefore, Henry George, Jr., asked for permission to visit the latter at his ancestral estate, he received the answer: "I shall meet you with joy." Arriving at Tolstoy's home Mr. George was accepted as a friend by the entire household, and had an opportunity of studying at close range his father's friend, the great novelist, philosopher, and reformer. Altho eighty-one years of age, with gradually failing health, yet he found him "undaunted by the approach of death," and speaking of it with a smile which seemed to his visitor to say: "To-morrow I die. Meanwhile I have another book to write." From Mr.



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Look for the "Fussy Seal," the "Green Box" and the "Silver Braid."

George's article in *The World's Work* (October), entitled "Tolstoy in the Twilight," and telling of the day spent at Yasnaya Polnaya, we quote the following passages descriptive of the personality and home life of the aged writer:

Going through an anteroom, we entered Tolstoy's workroom and the presence of the seer himself.

He was seated in a wheel-chair, which he had begun to use at the Crimea some six or eight years ago, when seriously ill at that time. His feet were on a level with his hips, and covered with a rug. He wore the long peasant's blouse of light yellow coarse stuff, such as appears in some of his latter-day pictures, and on his head was what does not so often appear—a skull-cap of the same material. The face was the one familiar the world over—gray eyes sparkling through shaggy, overhanging brows; seamed forehead; thin, floating gray hair; thin, flowing mustache and beard around a restless mouth; and a nose that at times seemed sharp and at times flat.

As he sat there in the chair, age seemed to have placed its hand heavily upon him; yet he appeared not so feeble as delicate. But the eyes revealed the keen, buoyant spirit within. It was a life joyously spending itself to the very end, undaunted by the approach of death.

Before he spoke, Tolstoy gave me a deliberate searching gaze, mixt with a peculiarly kind expression; and then, as if not displeased, offered a very cordial and personal welcome, during which I noticed my father's portrait holding a post of honor on the wall.

"Your father was my friend," he said with singular sweetness and simplicity.

I asked after his health. "I was troubled to read in a Japanese newspaper a report that you had not been so well," I ventured to say.

He answered with the frankness that I found to be a characteristic of the whole family:

"I am now quite old—eighty-one. I do not expect to stay much longer. One of my feet has to be nursed. But I am keeping at work."

It now being the time of afternoon for the daily nap, which is part of Tolstoy's present necessary routine—for the family watch his health with loving care—we withdrew. There is now no laboring in the fields or cobbling of shoes or strenuous physical toil, as of yore. While not ailing in any alarming way, except for the swelling of the feet, Count Tolstoy, with his crowded life of more than fourscore years, is in very delicate health; and for a man of his high-strung temperament, he yields to medical advice with surprising docility.

The hour for the evening meal had come. We repaired to the great room of the house. It was flanked by large windows. On the other two walls hung oils of the Count and his line. The floor was of polished hardwood. A long table, set for a dozen or more, ran down the center, with piano, chairs, and various other furniture distributed about.

The Countess took one end of the table, a great samovar in front of her. Her daughter occupied the other end. On the Countess's right sat the Count; on her left, her son. I sat beside the Count, with Sergej Dm. Nikolajev, the translator of the George books, on my other hand.

Just then I perceived that a man-servant was presenting a platter of chicken croquettes.

"You are not a vegetarian?" asked the Countess.

"I feel myself getting in that direction," I answered, but nevertheless I helped myself.

"You should become wholly so," exclaimed the Count.

Glancing at the plate of his son across the table, and observing a croquette, I said: "I observe that your son is not so."

The Countess, who had also taken a croquette, spoke up: "No, the Count did not come to vegetarianism until after this son was born."

I relate this incident to indicate the personal independence of the members of the family.

Another side of this wonderful man was exhibited when he was asked what he thought of his own novels, now that he looked back through the years at them.

"I believe I've forgotten what they are about," he answered.

"I can promise you a great treat if you will read them," I said.

"No," was his reply; "I have more important work to do. The times remind me of the conditions

that existed when I was a young man and chattel slavery was being destroyed in America and serfdom in this country. Now we face industrial slavery, and that will be destroyed, too."

After much more, and the meal had been finished, and the dishes cleared away, the feast of the evening—music—came; something that the Count had looked forward to, as he had early in the afternoon promised me a treat. A youth of eighteen, from the Petersburg conservatory, played a piano accompaniment, with remarkable precision and delicacy, for an older man, Boris Trojanovsky, perhaps twenty-five, who proved to be a marvel on the "ballalajka," the Russian national instrument, a kind of triangular three-stringed guitar. He played for the best part of two hours from Tschaikowsky and other masters. He held his audience entranced. He is pronounced the finest player in Russia and undoubtedly will before many years be heard on this side of the Atlantic.

Tolstoy was chief listener, but what struck me most was when he arose, took me by the arm, and led me off to his workroom, leaving the intervening doors open. "They are going to play 'The Nightingale,'" he said. "I want you to say if at times from here it does not sound like a woman's voice."

I listened to the subdued notes as they floated into our retired place, and some of them *did* sound like a woman's voice—a voice filled with heart-longing. It revealed in the old man the active spirit of poetry and romance that had created "Anna Karénina." While we stood there in his workroom I asked him for a portrait of himself, with his autograph. He immediately produced a picture from a cupboard, and sat down at a table to write on it.

"Would it be good English to say 'With best love'?" he asked.

"It would be the English that honors most," I replied.

"I loved your father," he rejoined, simply. And then, after a pause, during which he wrote his name on the picture, he said: "They arrest men here in Russia for circulating my books. I have written them asking why they arrest men who are blameless. Why not arrest the man who wrote the books? But they did not reply, and they do not arrest me."

Then he said, rising: "If you will not stay and sleep with us, I must urge you to go at once to catch your train."

And at the head of the stairway he stops and took my hand, saying simply: "This is the last time I shall meet you. I shall see your father soon. Is there any commission you would have me take to him?"

For a moment I was lost in wonder at his meaning. But his eyes were quietly waiting for an answer.

"Tell my father that I am doing the work." He nodded assent, and I left him.

THE MAN-BIRD

"FLIGHT at fifty miles an hour; continuous flight, unbroken, for nearly three hours; flights with two passengers at a speed of thirty miles an hour," these are the things, says Vance Thompson in *Collier's Weekly*, that proved at the world's first aeroplane tournament "that man's conquest of the air was definite if not complete." This writer finds the contestants at Reims to be an interesting group, even asserting that the "bird-man forms a definite type," "dreamy and taciturn," or "alert and chattering," but invariably with "the look of a winged brother."

He goes on to describe the various aviators, saying:

Here is Blériot, limping as the foot-going pleased him not. He wears a close-fitting cap, covering ears and forehead and neck; all you see are the sulky black eyes, the curved beak of him. An eagle man. A silent thing with potentialities of sharp outcry and desperate flight. An oil-stained, dark-covered overall suit sheds the water that drips on him as feathers would. A black eagle, this Blériot. All in dirty gray, alert, provocative as a goshawk, comes a little man and cocks his head up at the weather—this is Leblanc, who flies, too, in the Blériot machine, crouching under the wings. Something of his audacity of look, tho a more athletic type, is Lefebvre, who, unaided, taught himself the art of flying a Wright biplane. Little Paulhan, chirky and insolent as a sparrow; but here is Farman—bearded,

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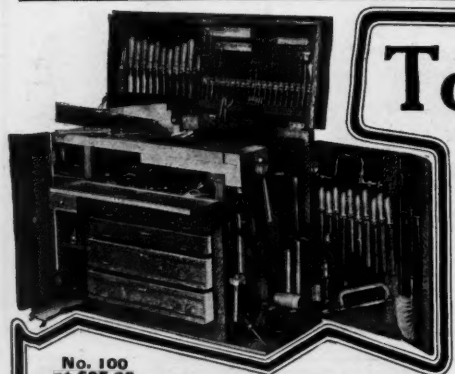
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lean, cross-tempered as a falcon, beaked like a parrot, with the curious bird-like deflection of the head, as tho used to picking up seeds—which is characteristic of the type. Glenn Curtiss has opened the doors of his shed. He leans on a stick. His head is outthrust. Tall and thin, he has a look of utter ennui as he studies the muddy plain. Then, with a slow Yankee smile, he says: "It's too muddy to fly."

Nevertheless, his two assistants, "Slim"—who became the joy of Parisians because he was so unlike anything they had ever seen—and Fisher roll out his graceful biplane, the prettiest of them all. A visitor calls it a lemon-colored beauty; and says Curtiss: "Well, I hope it won't prove a lemon."

Quiet, sagacious, gentle—what swift-going bird is the prototype of the conquering Curtiss I know not.

Latham you will not find in the lane of sheds. Behind the grand-stand is a booth of flowers. There, on a folded chair, he sits hour after hour, smelling a rose and smiling. A blithe little man, round-shouldered as all birds are, his face scarred from that deathly fall in the Channel.

ABDUL HAMID IN CAPTIVITY

"WHILE there's life there's hope" would seem, according to a recent letter from Constantinople in the New York Evening Post, to be the motto of the dethroned Sultan of Turkey. Rumors of attempts to escape and of conspiracies against the new régime are persistent in the Turkish capital. In the Allatini villa at Salonica the deposed Father of the Faithful lives as a monarch in a miniature Yildiz Kiosk. An officer of the guard at the villa told the Post's correspondent about "the ways of the old Sultan in his new house." We read:

First, when Abdul came to the villa, he looked a little depressed, and displayed low spirits now and then, but to-day he shows no sign of worry, considers himself the rightful Sultan, and acts like a caliph. He speaks little and receives his guards on foot, thus giving no chance for anybody to sit in his presence. The custom of the land is to stand always in the presence of the Sultan.

His harem is small—he has only thirty wives—while his Yildiz seraglio contained 475 women. He likes gardening, and has planted all kinds of flowers which he had at the Yildiz Park. He is out very often to manage the gardeners. His beloved Angora cats, white cows, and other animals and birds upon his demand were brought over from the Yildiz. He has not given up his old hobbies. He wants new kiosks to be built around his residence to make it appear like his old palace, but this demand is refused. Instead, new walls have been added around the villa, thus making impossible his escape.

Whenever he asks for something he orders it like a master, and when a question is put to him he simply makes a gesture and retires to another room. We have seen him praying in solitude. This is a novelty in Abdul's life. In old days, when he was the Sultan he prayed only for show of men, but he had not a particle of religious feeling, neither did he believe in a God. Now he prays and prays often, but he has not repented his past life. He admits no wrong, and insists that whatever he has done has been for the benefit of the fatherland. He considers himself the greatest of all Ottoman Sultans, and says that the service which he has rendered to Turkey will never be forgotten.

One of his declarations is that the people of Turkey are with him, and almost everybody in the empire loves him. "Beni seviyorlar" (they love me), he says. He never complains of the Young Turks. On the contrary he declares that he was with them for the Constitution and liberty. He has a very bitter feeling against his own men in the Yildiz Kiosk, and curses them. "They fooled me, they betrayed their master," he often ejaculates. Particularly he hated Jehver Aga, his *mousahib*, and when the news of his execution was reported to him, he manifested great satisfaction.

Every morning Abdul Hamid asks for Constantinople papers, and reads them with care. Whenever he sees a comment against himself he throws the paper on the floor and moves around in anger. "All they are liars," he declares. He has only one son with him, fifteen-year-old Abdul-Rahim. The boy

is dissatisfied with his new surroundings and asks to be sent over to Constantinople, but this is not allowed, because it is thought that Abdul Hamid has some trick to play through his little boy. A monthly salary of \$4,500 is allowed for Abdul's expenses, but out of this amount the ex-Sultan saves about \$900; that is to say, he will save within a year \$10,800.

A few days ago Abdul was reported to be suffering from his throat. The doctor decided to have an operation, but the ex-Sultan refused to submit to the surgeons, fearing that his throat might be cut. He has great fear of being assassinated some day. He eats his meals regularly, and uses alcohol once in a while.

KING EDWARD AT HIS CLUB

When Edward VII. was a young man he was a great clubman. Desiring to have some club whose membership should be select and where he would meet only those whom he cared to know intimately, he brought about the founding of the Marlborough Club in Pall Mall in 1869. Of the original members of this club, three survive, the King, the Duke of Fife, and Lord Farquhar. To this day all new members must be personally acceptable to His Majesty. In an article in *Cassell's Saturday Journal* (London) we read the following account of the King's club life:

Even during the strain of a London season, with his many public duties, the King finds time to run into his favorite club for an hour or two's rest and quietness. No particular ceremony marks either his entry or his exit. The attendant at the door swings it open as his Majesty's private motor-car or brougham draws up in much the same fashion that he would for any other member. There is, however, one interesting exception. By special desire of the King the attendants at the Marlborough Club, as far as possible, are either ex-soldiers or sailors. It is impossible for them to forget that they have worn his Majesty's uniform and sworn allegiance to him. Therefore, they come to the salute as he passes them.

As far as the other members of the club are concerned it is well understood that when his Majesty enters the building, he desires, and even expects, to be treated in purely a private capacity. His favorite seat is rather near the fireplace in the smoking-room with his back toward the window. Therefore, anyone occupying this seat at once vacates it, with a bow to the King, and finds a chair somewhere else. The members present, too, all rise in their seats when the King enters the room, but this is a formality that is quickly over, since with a bow and a smile the King with a wave of his hand intimates his desire that they should all resume their seats and tacitly ignore his presence.

Another unwritten law of the Marlborough Club is that no member must directly address the King without first being spoken to by him. This is a rule that may be infringed by only one member of the club, the Duke of Fife. As son-in-law to the King, of course, the Duke stands in a unique position. The King, however, desires company when he visits the club, and after he has glanced through the evening papers he will get up and stroll around the rooms, exchanging a cheery word here and there with such of his friends as he chooses to recognize. The one subject that is taboo to all in the King's presence is that of politics. The political situation neither at home nor abroad may be mentioned while his Majesty is in the room.

Tho, as has been said, his Majesty when visiting the club expects his incognito to be strictly observed, he is keen to resent anything in the nature of undue familiarity. A rather well-known peer discovered this to his cost a few years ago. Presuming upon a friendly conversation he had just had with the King he called across the room to him, "Just ring the bell behind you, will you please, sir?" The Prince of Wales, as he then was, looked at him for a moment and then rang the bell. The waiter entered, and the Prince said to him in a voice that could be heard all over the room, "Please call Lord —'s carriage." The Peer took the hint and left the club. The following morning he had a polite note from the secretary intimating that the committee would be extremely obliged if he would consider his membership

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terminated, and would not make use of the club for the future.

As a general rule it is late in the evening before his Majesty can reach his club, and then he chiefly desires a rubber of bridge with some of his old friends. The King is an extremely good player, and greatly dislikes having a duffer at his table. Every member in the card-room who plays anything of a decent game is aware that he may be summoned to take a hand at the Royal table, and no matter how interesting the game in which he is then engaged in may be, he must be prepared to relinquish it cheerfully and to obey the command to join the Royal table. Further, he must be prepared to make agreeable "small talk" between the games, since the King desires to be entertained as well as to play cards.

PROMPT ACTION

DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE, eminent as a philanthropist, abolitionist, surgeon in the Greek Revolutionary army, and pioneer teacher of the blind, had, according to his daughter who has recently edited his "Letters and Journals," the gift of unfailing readiness for emergency. *The Youth's Companion* quotes her as telling the following instances in which his quick action prevented accidents:

Once at Green Peace, my father was going to drive with my mother and my sister Florence in a closed carriage with a large window in front.

As the driver was mounting the box, he dropt his whip, and got down to recover it. This startled the young horses, and they bolted down the driveway.

My father tried to open the big window, but it stuck fast. He flashed through the plate glass as if it had been paper, and catching up the reins, stopt the runaways in less time than it takes to tell it.

When Thomas came running up, white and breathless, he found "Doctor" quietly shaking the bits of glass from his coat and hat, and explaining to my terrified mother that he "went so quick there was no time to get cut."

Still another memory of my mother's shows his quickness in a different way. He was walking along Washington Street once, when a furious dog rushed at him and bit his hand severely.

There was no Pasteur Institute in the forties. My father instantly raised up the skin and flesh of the bitten part, and holding it firmly, entered the nearest apothecary's shop.

"Cut this piece off," he said, briefly.

The apothecary exclaimed in horror. He could not; he would not, without a surgeon's order; it was out of the question.

"I am a surgeon," said my father, "and I command you to cut it off!"

It was cut off. My father dressed the wound with his other hand, and went about his business.

TWO IRISH MINSTRELS

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, whose recent book, "A Certain Rich Man," has been widely read and discussed, has just returned from a trip to Europe. He has been regaling the home folks of Emporia, Kansas, with accounts of his travels and opinions of things European from the standpoint of a globe-trotting Kansan. In the last of these letters to Mr. White's *Emporia Gazette* the crowd around the docks at Queenstown is described. "It was a well-dressed country crowd," "an orderly, well-behaved decently-bred crowd." The writer goes on to say:

But what interested us most was a pair of old Irish singers. They were old-fashioned as the fog. The man wore a shabby, shoddy coat, a cotton shirt, without a collar; rough, woolen trousers, and a cheap cap. Also, he was more or less dirty and unkempt. His wife, a woman with the beautiful yellow hair of the Irish race of women, carried a nursing baby in her arms; she wore a frowsy brown shawl—also after the manner of her class—and a bedraggled skirt. Her face was not pretty—nor hardly clean—and as to her hair, with all its beautiful color, it had had a lick and a promise so long without the lick that the promise even had sagged and grown

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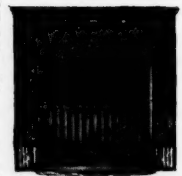
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weary. The two—the miserable man and the slouchy woman—(perfectly honest, well-meaning people), droned old Irish ballads of a day that is gone. They sang Tom Moore whipt-cream love songs, and all sorts of stirring old war calls of the Fenian days; and dreary tales of the chivalry of Old Ireland a thousand years ago. And they sang in a curious fashion. The man sang the front part of every line of the songs and stopt short for his wife to sing the rhyming words, after which the man quickly took up the beginning of the next line. It was strange, and probably represents some left-over form of Irish balladry that goes back to the Gaelic days. But it was the one true touch of real Old Ireland in the crowd. That was evident from the way the old women gathered about the minstrels, nodding vigorous approval; and the old men grinned and chuckled in delighted reminiscence. Here, then, was the last of the minstrels. This was the echo of "the harp that once through Tara's halls, the soul of music shed."

SIDELIGHTS ON MR. HARRIMAN

Few men ever made such an impress upon the country and yet succeeded in keeping their private personality so thoroughly hidden as did the late Edward H. Harriman. The story of his life is a narrative of successive achievements in railroad and finance, which leaves little space for the human side. A writer in the New York *Tribune* has, however, collected a few anecdotes that afford "real glimpses of Harriman the man," from which the following are selected:

A visitor at Mr. Harriman's Boys' Club asked one of the members, a fourteen-year-old boy, what he thought of the club's patron.

"Mr. Harriman," replied the youngster, "is a great man. He's president of a railroad, and worth a couple of thousand, anyway. He comes in, sees Mr. Taber, the superintendent, and goes on right about his business. He's a quiet man, and never tells any one anything about his business. He ain't what I would call a fine-looking man, but I bet he could put up a great fight. But he ain't stuck up over it. He comes down here and says to Willie Schmidt: 'Hello, Bill,' and Willie says, 'Hello, Mr. Harriman, how's yourself?'"

Mr. Harriman spent 250,000 building a clubhouse for these boys in the lower East Side, and he once said he got more satisfaction out of his work with the boys than he did with his railroads.

The Yankee financier made an impression on at least one man at Bad Gastein this summer. That was the manager of his hotel. As soon as he was well settled he summoned that functionary to his room.

"Take a chair and sit down. I want to talk to you," said Mr. Harriman to his visitor. "First I



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want to say I am very comfortable here. Next, I wish to know whether it is any use to bring my automobile here."

There are some exceedingly pretty drives in the neighborhood of Gastein, and the hotel-manager was naturally eloquent in his description of them. Mr. Harriman cut him short. "That's enough," he said, "send a telegram at once to Vienna to send my car here at once."

"At once, sir," replied the manager, who had already learned that "Mr. Harriman always wanted everything done at once." The manager of the hotel was rushing away to send that telegram when Mr. Harriman called him back.

"Wait one minute," said he. "I expect to enjoy Bad Gastein. After I had taken my first thermal bath I had the best sleep I've enjoyed for two years. Now tell your chef to bring my appetite back again and I'll be all right. The last meal I really enjoyed was two years ago, when I was with my boy hunting in the mountains in America and cooked my breakfast myself. It was a fine breakfast. I remember, with bacon, green corn and beans. It was the last meal I really enjoyed."

The manager was retiring to send that telegram. "Just one thing more," said Mr. Harriman. "Tell the people with rooms above my terrace not to throw cigarettes and things on my head when I'm reading there. Finally, if you can order a little more sunshine I'll be very much obliged to you."

"He never waits for anything," commented one Bad-Gastein visitor, speaking of Mr. Harriman. "He never even waits for the lift, but goes upstairs himself. In fact, everything has to be done for him right away."

Mr. Harriman had a sense of humor as well as supreme confidence in himself. Once a newspaper that had made some bitter editorial attacks on the railroad's methods sent a reporter to ask him who, in his opinion, were the greatest two railroad men in the world.

"I'm one," he flashed back, "and the other, in his own estimation, is the editor of your paper."

Early in 1898 Mr. Harriman made a trip over the Union Pacific, of which he had recently come into control. Things were in a pretty thoroughly run-down condition and one delay after another tried the temper of the impatient master of the line.

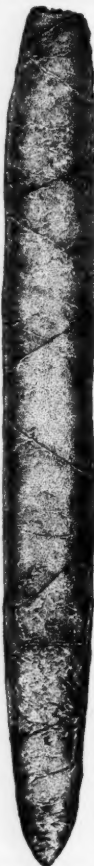
"What makes this delay?" he demanded during one particularly long stop.

"Engine taking water, sir," replied the division superintendent.

"Why not make the feed-pipe bigger?" snapt Harriman.

"Can't be done, sir," was the reply. "Engine wouldn't take any larger feed-pipe."

"Then we'll get some bigger engines," Harriman announced with that explosive emphasis of his, and he did.



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—Philadelphia Star

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And then see Peary win the prize
Of those North Arctic seas?
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No Pole.

—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

In The Public Service



The President of the United States works for 80,000,000 people all the time.

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When Washington was president he rode his horse as far as Mount Vernon and kept in touch by messenger with the affairs of state. The President to-day has a wider range and can seek the cooling breezes of the New England coast.

The long distance telephone keeps him in constant communication with the capital and the nation.

The railroad will carry him back to Washington in a day, but usually he need not make even this brief journey. The Bell telephone enables him to send his

voice instead, *not only to Washington but to any other point.*

The Bell system performs this service *not only for the President, but for the whole public.*

This system has been built up so gradually and extended so quietly that busy men hardly realize its magnitude or appreciate its full value.

Forty thousand cities, towns and villages are connected by the Bell system, which serves *all the people all the time.*

The Bell telephone has become the implement of a nation. It increases the sum total of human efficiency, and makes every hour of the day more valuable to busy men and women.

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This chest is a beautiful dull-red natural finish, heavily bound with wide copper bands, and old-fashioned flat-headed copper rivets. It is the highest perfection of ornament and utility ever attained in artistic household furniture. A tasteful, elegant treasure, and a certain protection for furs and woollens against dust, moths and dampness. Precisely the proper thing as a wedding, birthday or Xmas gift. We prepay freight from factory to home, returning price and paying return freight if unsatisfactory. Send for catalogue of different styles and prices. Sold DIRECT from factory.

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Arctic Experts

Smith said that Cook was surely first
To stand upon the Pole.
And Brown said Peary was the man
Who won the icy goal.
Brown added then a few remarks
On Smith's veracity.
And Smith responded with a punch
On Brown's anatomy.

Now where had Brown gained Arctic lore
To give his views such weight?
He once within a skating-rink
Had cut the figure 8.
And where had Smith acquired his fund
Of information rare?
Some years ago in Central Park
He saw a polar bear.

—New York Sun.

Still More to Follow.—The Cook-Peary controversy will look like mere maneuvers compared with the carnage when the scientific sharps get to fighting as to who shall decide the controversy.—*Washington Post*.

Precisely.—How happy with either we'd be, were t'other dear explorer away.—*Life*.

The House That Cook Built

This is the house that Cook built.
This is the grub that lay in the house that Cook built.

This is the man who gave out on the way and was sent by Cook to the shack to stay and make free use of the grub that lay in the house that Cook built.

This is the sailor all savage and grim, who replaced the man with the crippled limb and was given a note from Peary that said, "This man is in charge because Cook is dead," and gobbled the grub that lay in the house that Cook built.

This is the sportsman all jaunty and gay, who strolled up into the Arctic to play, and dropt in at the shack of his friend on the way, and encountered a sailor all savage and grim, who replaced the man with a crippled limb and had a note from Peary which said: "This man is in charge because Cook is dead," and gobbled the grub that lay in the house that Cook built.

This is the owner just back from the Pole, who called at his house and found it quite droll that his guest, the sportsman so jaunty and gay who had strolled up into the Arctic to play and had stopt at the shack of his friend on the way, should be slave to a sailor all savage and grim, who replaced the man with a crippled limb, and showed him a note from Peary that said, "This man is in charge because Cook is dead," and gobbled the grub that lay in the house that Cook built.—*Springfield Republican*.

How It Really Happened.

Twelve little Eskimos looking for a job
Hunting for the Pole, so they shipped with Bob.
Twelve little Eskimos, dancing for the men.
Two slipt overboard, then there were ten.
Ten little Eskimos got a snack with wine,
One praised Dr. Cook, then there were nine.
Nine little Eskimos ate till very late;
One overate and then there were eight.
Eight little Eskimos did the work of eleven;
One couldn't stand it, then there were seven.
Seven little Eskimos found some Yankee "mix";
One drank a horse dose, then there were six.
Six little Eskimos didn't seem to thrive
On hot atmosphere and so there were five.
Five little Eskimos feeling pretty sore,
One slipt the Roosevelt, then there were four.
Four little Eskimos on the Polar sea,
One got cold feet and then there were three.
Three little Eskimos feeling pretty blue,
One said, "Adieu, Bob," then there were two.
Two little Eskimos on the final run;
Peary said, "Skiddo there," then there was one.
One little Eskimo, looking down the hole
Said, "Dr. Cook has been here, there ain't no Pole!"
—*Boston Herald*.

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"First (copyright), I will supply my scientific proof. (Infringements will be prosecuted.) The proof that I discovered the North Pole is this (copyright): Cook is a liar. He is two liars. He has amalgam instead of gold in his back teeth. (Copyright.) He owes four dollars (copyright) and fifteen cents to his butcher, and (copyright) where's his license from the North Pole Discoverers' union? How can a man discover the North Pole without a license?

"Respectfully submitting these scientific proofs of my discovery to the candid consideration of an enlightened world. (Copyright. All rights reserved. Publication without permission prohibited.) I invoke (copyright) its judgment (copyright) and applause."—*Los Angeles Express*.

Farthest North.—"Dr. Cook's telegram to M. Lecomte states definitely that he reached the North Pole on the date mentioned above, and that he discovered land to the northward."—*Daily Telegraph*. We should like to hear what ETKINBOOK thinks of the country north of the North Pole.—*Punch*.

The Rubalyat of Discovery

Wakel for the sun is getting into sight
After six dismal months of Arctic night:
Out of the ice ingloo he pokes his head.
At last the musing to the Pole is right.

A box of pemmican to serve for chow,
Gumdrops and huskies, Eskimos and thou
Beside me sledging in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow.

Tho Cook or Peary throw a verbal fit,
Neither shall frighten me a little bit;
I'll plaster all the Pole with copyrights
And then come back and make an awful hit.
No hope by throwing bricks to take the prize;
The useful Pole itself is just my size.
My story of its capture shall be truth,
What other fellows say will all be lies.

The world should wait until it hears from me.
Chuckling the while with comprehending glee
At the poor yarns that Cook and Peary tell.
While Omar dines on musk ox and green tea.

I would not leave the wine jug for the floss,
Where frosts will grow familiar with my nose,
Save that my polar dope will be immense—
He will concede this who great Omar knows.

—*Chicago News*.

Used to It.—"The terrible quietude at the North Pole must be hard to endure."
"Yes," answered the New Yorker. "But that explorer had a great deal of valuable discipline. He used to live in Brooklyn."—*Washington Star*.

Somewhat Vexatious.—Still, it is calculated to annoy a gentleman who is laboriously climbing a pole to encounter another gentleman gleefully sliding down.—*New York Herald*.

Legal Fuel.—If Dr. Cook's proposed suit for slander against Commander Peary shall make it necessary for the jury to visit the spot where the chief action in controversy did or did not take place, in order that it may get at the cold facts, it will require more than a Little-ton of Coke and Blackstone to make every one comfortable.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

Business Men Who Are Alive

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How I Found the Pole

A Challenge to the World

In the summer of 1908, accompanied only by my mother-in-law, I started out in search of the Pole. I thought it best at this time not to make any premature announcement of my intentions, as my mother-in-law was not feeling well and I was afraid that the notoriety might unnerve her.

We passed the winter in Greenland, where my mother-in-law knitted me some worsted neckties and a pair of sealskin suspenders. In the dead of winter we started North.

We both felt very confident of winning, as we had been practising every winter for years by going sleighing in an old-fashioned New England sleigh. Having survived that, the Pole had no terrors for us.

On the 31st we reached the Pole. The journey up was rather tiresome, as my mother-in-law insisted on waking me up at four o'clock every morning and reading family prayers.

She is there now.—*Life*.

Who's Who?

Who took the Pole?

"I," said Cook,

"As you'll see in my book, I took the Pole!"

Who got there first?

"I," said Peary,

In answer to the query,

"I got there first."

"We're from Missouri,"

The people say

In their little way,

"We're from Missouri."—*Judge*.

CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

September 25.—Four French officers are killed by the bursting of the dirigible balloon *République* near Moulins.

September 26.—Spanish troops defeat the Moors near Seluan, a balloon being used to direct the operations.

September 28.—Aeroplane flights are made at Berlin by Rougier, Blériot and Latham.

September 29.—Floods in southern Wales cause heavy loss.

September 30.—Orville Wright ascends 700 feet in his aeroplane at Potsdam.

Domestic

September 25.—The Hudson-Fulton celebration opens at New York with a naval parade on the Hudson River.

An electric disturbance attributed to the aurora borealis cripples the telephone and telegraph service for several hours throughout New England and the vicinity of New York.

September 26.—President Taft preaches before a large audience in the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City.

September 27.—President Taft goes down into a Montana copper mine, 1,200 feet below the surface.

September 28.—In a speech at Spokane, the President takes a stand in support of the Roosevelt conservation policy.

September 29.—Wilbur Wright makes three short aeroplane flights over Governor's Island and New York harbor; Glenn H. Curtiss also makes a flight.

Two dirigible balloons are damaged in an unsuccessful attempt to fly from New York to Albany.

September 30.—President Taft, speaking at the Seattle Exposition, strongly advocates a ship subsidy.

Foreign and American troops and sailors take part in a parade in New York as part of the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

The New York City Democratic Convention nominates Justice W. J. Gaynor for Mayor.

The ocean-steamship record between Queenstown and New York is lowered by the *Mauretania* by 44 minutes, her time being 4 days, 10 hours, and 51 minutes.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnall Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Inquirers desiring prompt answers will be accommodated on prepaying postage.

"T. H.," Hoboken, N. J.—"Which of the two following forms is correct: 'I should like to be *he*,' or 'I should like to be *him*'?"

Bullions' "English Grammar" states the following: "A verb in the infinitive may be the object of another verb; verbs which take the infinitive as their object are transitive verbs in the active voice; and the infinitive, either alone, or modified by other words, is equivalent to the objective case." This being the case, "him" would be the proper word to use, as "to be him" is the object of the transitive verb *should like*. The sentence should therefore read, "I should like to be *him*."

"N. K. V.," Jersey City, N. J.—"I can not find the word 'jacks' in your dictionary. Please give me a definition of it."

The word "jacks" is an abbreviation of "jackstones," which are little stones or knobbed metal pieces used in a child's game. There is another game called "jackstraws," also sometimes spoken of as "jacks." Both of these are defined by the STANDARD DICTIONARY on page 958.

"W. M. B.," Bridgeport, Conn.—"Please state the meaning of the word 'pantechnethica.'"

The correct spelling of this word is *pantechnethica*, and it is pronounced pan-tech'-ne-the'-ca. This is a variant spelling of the word *pantechnicon*, meaning a general depot for the exhibition and sale of all kinds of manufactured articles.

"X.," Crosby, N. D.—(1) "Is it correct to say 'among the wood' when the meaning is 'among the trees of the wood, or forest'?" (2) Is there any authority for the use of the word 'swell' in the phrase 'swell society'?"

It would be incorrect to use the expression "among the woods," as *among* always implies some direct relation, as of companionship, union, similarity, etc. That which is *amid* is thought of as separate from the things which surround it. Hence it would be correct to say, "Amid the wood."

(2) "Swell" in the sense which you mention is stigmatized by the STANDARD DICTIONARY as slang, and it does not, therefore, receive the sanction of good usage.

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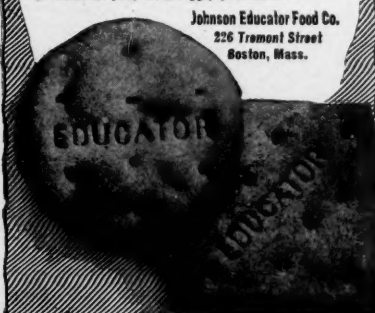
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